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EUROPEAN CUP FINAL REPORT

SPECIAL WORLD CUP CHART

PLAYERS PORTRAITS
LEAGUE TABLES

HANS KLINKHAMME *Bor. Monchengladbach*

LIVERPOOL . . . CHAMPIONS OF EUROPE. Hamburg SV win the Cup Winners' Cup, defeating Anderlecht 2-0. Juventus defeat Bilbao over two legs in the UEFA Cup Final.

Liverpool's clinical and superbly conceived 3-1 victory over Borussia Monchengladbach brought the European Cup to Britain for the third time, following the triumphs of Celtic (1967) and Manchester United (1968).

For Borussia defeat was a bitter pill. They had hoped to follow in the footsteps of Bayern Munich, champions for the three previous years, but on the night Rome belonged in glorious style to Liverpool.

Full report by Keir Radnedge, World Soccer's man in the Olympic Stadium, and pictures appear on pages 4/5 of this issue. Next month Leslie Vernon will present his European Cup Final notebook.

Keir Radnedge was also in Bilbao (as a guest of the club) for the second leg of the UEFA Cup Final.

A report and picture from the Cup Winners Cup Final is on page 8. Next month World Soccer photographer Peter Robinson will present a dossier of pictures from both the European Champions Cup Final and the Cup Winners Cup Final.

It has been a magnificent season for Liverpool, Football League Champions for a second successive season, though beaten in an entertaining FA Cup Final by Manchester United.

They played Borussia at their own game, controlled the pace of the final and had the outstanding player in Kevin Keegan. Though tightly marked by Borussia skipper Berti Vogts the effervescent Keegan exploited the knowledge that he would not be savagely tackled from behind to great effect. He twisted and tormented Vogts, creating the third goal.

Anderlecht, two weeks before, could not break down the solid resistance of Hamburg and were caught in the later stages by two goals.

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Borussia beaten

Liverpool skipper Emlyn Hughes with the European Cup.

Liverpool's European triumph

LIVERP Champions of

I CAN'T remember seeing a team enjoy winning as much as Liverpool's heroes as they galloped a double lap of honour round Rome's Olympic stadium. It said so much — about defeats in the past as well as about the grand triumph on the night. And were the celebrations so marked because they had nearly repeated the sins of the previous Saturday and thrown it all away?

So, 12 years after Liverpool's first venture into Europe ended bitterly in defeat in San Siro, they returned to Italy to claim a crown which proved their reward for persistence. It was a victory too which came just ten years after Celtic made the first British breakthrough in the most prestigious tournament in Europe.

Thus it was appropriate that it should be back in Italy that Liverpool finally made it — and a doubly significant venue too for skipper Emlyn Hughes and Kevin Keegan, who were in the England team beaten in the same stadium last autumn when English football seemed on its knees.

What a night too for veteran Tommy Smith, marking his 600th and last competitive match for Liverpool with the second goal, a goal which manager Bob Paisley described later as the turning point.

In one sense it was the vital act which put Liverpool back on top. But more important for me was the save a few minutes before which Ray Clemence made at the feet of Uli Stielicke, after Allan Simonsen whipped a beautiful long pass round behind the Liverpool defence. It could have been 2-1 to the West German champions, instead within minutes it was Liverpool who were back in command.

And all that thanks to one save from a man whose alertness made one wonder how he could have left that near-post gap for Stuart Pearson to shoot through the previous Saturday and help deny Liverpool what would have been a wonderful treble of league, Cup and Champions' Cup.

But Liverpool were a different side in Rome to the team beaten by Manchester United at Wembley. They went into the game against Borussia keyed up to make amends for the Cup Final and were fortunate in finding a Borussia who for 80 of the 90 minutes showed none of the form which had taken them into their first Champions' Cup Final.

Borussia coach Udo Lattek openly admitted afterwards that Liverpool fully deserved to win and also that much of the damage accrued from the way in which back-to-form Kevin Keegan made it a miserable night for new West German national captain, Berti Vogts.

Keegan too seemed to have been playing his last competitive game for Liverpool, since he repeated after the game that he was still determined to move abroad — perhaps to Cup-winners' Cup holders Hamburg, which would mean one of the first tasks he might have would be to face Liverpool in the European Super Cup.

Keegan said afterwards that he and Vogts had met four times: the score was now 2-2. Lattek, from Borussia's side, defended the choice of Vogts for the Keegan job on the grounds that "Berti was the only man I had who could play against him."

He might have wondered afterwards whether Rainer Bonhof would have been better used; certainly Bonhof flickered unsteadily early in the game, and though he came nearest to the first goal with a 25-yarder which struck Clemence's right hand post, he disappeared from the game after Liverpool went 2-1 ahead.

Liverpool played as well as they could: they were determined, keen and methodical. But it must be said again that Borussia were well below par, went into the game with Jupp Heynckes (knee) and Simonsen (back) not fully fit and then lost the perceptive Herbert Wimmer with a thigh strain after 25 minutes.

They must have felt that everything was conspiring against them. Even the stadium stewards were wearing red jackets and the Liverpool fans, a brash sea of red round one end of the stadium, made all the noise. Of the German fans, little in evidence during the day in Rome itself, there was barely a murmur. With the stadium at least 20,000 short of capacity it seems the Italians stayed away.

Both teams went into the game with their participation in the competition next year assured, but with problems nevertheless. Liverpool had to pick themselves up from the Wembley upset and Borussia had their injuries.

Still, virtually everyone must have been in agreement with Keegan and Hughes afterwards when they admitted that "we never expected it would be so easy."

I had expected Liverpool to make most of the running and there were early signs of how exciting the Vogts-Keegan tussle would prove. The Germans sprung other surprises in their defence by using the raw Hans Klinkhammer on Steve Heighway, and that was another decision which ultimately proved disastrous.

The first threat came from a long range shot after 12 minutes from Ray Kennedy which Wolfgang Kneib turned over and as Borussia went on wasting even the possession they obtained the game took its first turns away from them in a six-minute spell.

OOL Europe

KEIR RADNEDGE reports from the Olympic Stadium, Rome, May 25, 1977

CHAMPIONS' CUP FINAL
May 25 — Rome — 57,000
Liverpool 3 Borussia Moenchengladbach 1
McDermott 28, Smith 65, Neal pen 82 Simonsen 51

Liverpool: Clemence - Neal, Smith, Hughes, Jones - Case, Kennedy, Callaghan, McDermott - Keegan, Heighway, Subs (not used): Fairclough, McDonnell, Waddle, Johnson, Lindsay.

Borussia: Kneib - Klinkhammer, Wittkamp, Schaeffer, Vogts Wohlers (Hannes 79), Wimmer (Kulik 24), Stielicke, Bonhof - Simonsen, Heynckes. Other subs (not used): Heidenreich, Köppel, Kleff.

Referee: Robert Wurtz.

In the 22nd minute a Stielicke-Heynckes break ended with Bonhof's shot coming back off the post, then Wimmer went off, then Bonhof carelessly gave the ball away in midfield and Heighway gave Terry McDermott the chance to lose Horst Wohlers and make it 1-0.

As nerves gripped the Germans, so they tried to speed the game up, and found Liverpool — most unlike a British team — actually slowing the tempo.

Borussia let them, too. There was none of the harassing of Smith and Hughes which Manchester United had shown could so rattle the Anfield defence.

Indeed, just before half-time Kneib had to dive low to his right to hold a 30-yard drive from Smith who only owed his place to the knee injury which had claimed England man Phil Thompson.

Liverpool had dominated the first half, but at the start of the second Borussia at last started to show how they could play. Throwing Stielicke and Wimmer's substitute, Christian Kulik, further forward, they tore at Liverpool.

Yet it needed a defensive blunder of the most inopportune kind by Jimmy Case — Liverpool's Wembley goalscorer — to let Simonsen rip past Neal and Smith and hit a fine left-foot shot past Clemence. That was in the 51st minute; a minute later Simonsen was narrowly wide with a header from Kulik's cross.

Suddenly Liverpool looked tired. Borussia seemed to have learned their lesson. Simonsen hit that great ball in behind the defence and Clemence went down at Stielicke's feet . . . and Borussia, though they didn't know it, had missed their last chance.

Two minutes later, in the 65th, Smith headed in Heighway's corner and as Liverpool picked up the thread of their game again, so Heighway murdered Klinkhammer and Kneib was fortunate to be able to push an acute-angled shot away for a corner.

With eight minutes left it was all over. Keegan made a determined dash into the Borussia penalty box and was felled by Vogts. Penalty expert Phil Neal did the rest.

Liverpool had reached the end of their European rainbow. And there was a strange feeling of finality about it all — as if it didn't matter when or how they lost it next season, victory now was enough.

Jubilant Liverpool players after their victory in Rome.

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FRONT COVER PICTURE
Action from the World Cup game between Malta and East Germany.

Names in the news

RENE VAN DER EYCKEN couldn't have celebrated Brugge's second successive Belgian championship more appropriately. The 23-year-old midfielder hit a hat-trick in the 3-1 win over Beringen which assured his club of the title again with two games to play.

* * *

GYULA LORANT, centre half in the great Hungarian team who won 6-3 at Wembley in 1953, has become the hero of Frankfurt after taking over Eintracht in midseason. From the relegation zone Lorant guided them to fourth place after an unbeaten run of more than 20 matches.

* * *

ERIK KARLSSON, 23-year-old striker with Norwegian champions Lillestroem, is claiming a world record after hitting a hat-trick inside 3 min 16 sec in a league match against last season's runners-up, Mjoendalen. Lillestroem are coached by an Englishman, Joe Hooley.

* * *

WLODZIMIERZ LUBANSKI, happily settled with Lokeren, has been acting as go-between for several other Belgian clubs hopeful of capturing Poland goalkeeper Jan Tomaszewski and 1974 World Cup top scorer, Grzegorz Lato. But after Poland's 2-1 qualifying win against Denmark Lubanski was warned to tell interested parties that the Poles won't release anyone until after next year's World Cup Finals.

* * *

VELIBOR VASOVIC, former Partizan Belgrade and Ajax defender, has upset Paris Saint-Germain by keeping his word! When he took over from Juste Fontaine as coach Vasovic told president Daniel Hechter: "If we don't get into Europe I shall resign." Now they are certain to miss out, Vasovic has handed in his resignation, much to the distress of his players who rate him one of the top coaches in France.

* * *

FERENC PUSKAS is another coach who may be handing in his notice soon after a run of poor results and disciplinary troubles with his players at Colo-Colo in Chile. Puskas took over only in January.

UNITED

LIVERPOOL'S dream of an amazing "treble" must remain in the realms of fantasy. Their efforts to dominate a season to such an extent that they would surely have been reported to the "Monopolies Commission" ended when they stumbled and fell at the second hurdle, losing 2-1 to Manchester United in the FA Cup Final.

Manchester United won a Final which was so much better than those of recent years without ever becoming a great game. There was drama, of course, a superb atmosphere, sportsmanship on the field but no outstanding individual performances by the players who might have sculptured a memorable day for the non-committed as well as those fanatical supporters from Liverpool and Manchester.

Gordon Hill and Steve Coppell were disappointing for United; Steve Heighway (after a glorious season during which he has consistently looked a superior player to the over-rated Kevin Keegan) failed to live up to his tag as a potential match-winner.

David Johnson was a poor replacement for the injured John Toshack and Keegan, despite some neat touches, showed no signs of the greatness some claim he possesses.

During the first half United must have wondered whether Sammy McIlroy and Lou Macari had stayed in the dressing room. Stuart Pearson had no service with which to work and Jimmy Greenhoff was well contained.

It was left to the respective defenders, and in particular the Manchester United back four, to steal the honours. Brian Greenhoff and Martin Buchan were magnificent but by the nature of their work defenders cut out excitement rather than create it.

It has to be said that Liverpool looked the better team, with Ray Kennedy and Jimmy Case their best players. Lacking Toshack's aerial power they struggled to create clear chances and without Case's shooting strength would be in a sorry plight.

LIVERPOOL: Clemence; Neal, Smith, Hughes, Jones; Case, McDermott, Kennedy; Keegan, Johnson, Heighway. Sub: Callaghan for Johnson.

MANCHESTER UNITED: Stepney; Nicholl, Greenhoff (B), Buchan, Albiston; Macari, McIlroy; Coppell, Greenhoff (J), Pearson, Hill. Sub: McCreery for Hill.

Martin Buchan: "We expected nothing less than victory. Their equaliser never really sank in. We were just getting over losing a goal when we went ahead again."

Steve Coppell: "Everyone had a conscience about last year's performance in the final. This time we were determined to do well — and we did."

Tommy Smith: "This defeat knock us down? Never. It will give us even more determination to win the European Cup."

Russia lose in Salonika

HUNGARY were handed a great chance to reach the World Cup Finals for the first time since 1966 after Russia's shock 1-0 defeat by Greece in Salonika in European group nine.

The defeat put Russia bottom of the three-team group and meant that whatever the result of their second meeting with Hungary on May 18 the Hungarians were still assured a play-off place against a South American side if they beat Greece in Budapest.

The vital goal for Greece against Russia came after 56 minutes from skipper Mimis Papaioannou, who scored with a diving header from Koudas's free kick.

The match was played in driving rain and the Greek fans were momentarily upset after eight minutes when Anatoli Konkov beat Constantinou with a long-range shot. However Italian referee Cesare Guisoni disallowed a goal because two Russian forwards were offside.

Most of Russia's shots were long-range efforts, though their best forward, Oleg Blokhin, forced a fine save from Constantinou with a 35th-minute drive.

The Greeks had more of the play — once Leonid Buryak had to clear off the goal line — and pressed on in the second half, getting the goal after Anastasiadis was brought down.

Another blow for the Russians was the booking of Troshkin for dissent after 74 minutes. This booking, his second of the tournament, put him out of the return with Hungary.

Greece might have had a second goal two minutes from time, but Ardizoglou slipped as he attempted to turn in another Koudas pass, and the ball ricocheted off a post.

Greece: Constantinou — Iaiticis, Kiratlas, Firos, Nikolau — Terzaridis, Anastasiadis, Koudas, Delikaris (Nikoloudis 70) — Papaioannou (Pallas 69), Ardizoglou.

Russia: Dikanov — Konkov, Khinchouashvili, Matvienko, Baloakov — Troshkin, Buryak (Maslennikov 65), Kipiani, Minaev (Fedorov 65) — Onishenko, Blokhin.

WIN CUP

Happy Manchester United players after their 2-1 win against Liverpool in the 1977 FA Cup Final at Wembley.

SHOCK RUMANIA WIN

RUMANIA surprised Yugoslavia by winning 2-0 in their group eight tie in Zagreb. A heavy blow for the Yugoslavs, and a fine result for the Rumanians, it puts the pressure on Spain.

Defensive mistakes led to two goals in six minutes before half-time from centre forward Dudu Georgescu and Jordanescu. The Yugoslavs went down without much of a fight despite the recall from abroad of Dragan Dzajic, Danilo Popivoda, Brane Oblak and Josip Katalinsi.

The Rumanians were without captain Dumitrescu and key midfielder Lucescu.

Yugoslavia: Katalinic — Buljan, Peruzovic, Katalinski, Muzinic — Oblak, Jerkovic, Surjak — Popivoda, Bajevic, Dzajic.

Rumania: Christian — Keran, Sames, Satmareanu, Vigu — Jordanescu, Romula, Boloni — Crissan, Georgescu, Zamfir.

South American play-off dates

The South American play-offs, from which the team finishing third will face the Hungarians, have been brought forward a fortnight from the dates originally set for Cali, Colombia. New dates: July 10 — Brazil v Peru. July 14 — Brazil v Bolivia. July 17 — Peru v Bolivia.

WORLD CUP REVIEW

IN European group one Poland ended Denmark's faint hopes with a 2-1 win in Copenhagen. Veteran Wlodzimierz Lubanski scored for the Poles in the seventh and 55th minutes, while Allan Simonsen hit a temporary equaliser after 49.

The first goal came after a Deyna-Lato move tempted goalkeeper Birger Jensen out of position, and the Poles were on top throughout, though the Danes fielded eight professional exiles.

Simonsen's equaliser followed a neat move between Ove Flindt-Bjerg and Jan Hoejland, but Lubansi won it when he headed in after Jensen missed Henry Kasperczak's corner.

Poland: Tomaszewski — Dzubis, Zmuda, Rudy (Boguszewicz), Wieczorek — Kasperczak, Masztaler, Deyna — Lato, Lubanski (Boniek), Szarmach.

Denmark: Jensen — J. Hansen, M. Jensen (L. Larsen), Roentved, Ahlberg — Bjoernmose, H. Hansen (J. Soerensen), Flindt-Bjerg — Simonsen, Lund, Hoejland.

Attendance: 46,000.

POLAND can barely be caught now after their 3-1 win in Limassol against Cyprus. But they had to come back from the shock of a 14th-minute goal by Antoniou, shooting home from 25 yards through a crowd of players to celebrate his international debut.

Ten minutes more and the Poles were level with a Lato header, and four minutes before half-time Terlecki fastened on to a rebound to give them a lead the hard work of Kazimierz Deyna in midfield had earned. Poland coasted through the second half before Mazur, substituting for Terlecki, completed the scoring nine minutes before the end.

The Cypriots were weakened by absence through injury of top scorer Marcou and defender Lillos.

Cyprus: Pantziaras — Pattikis, Pastellides, Kalis, Stavros — Stefanis, Antoniou, Gregori — Phyvos (Mayris), Kalafes (Gavalas), Kenaris.

Poland: Tomaszewski — Wawrowski, Zmuda, Maciejewicz (Mawelka), Ludyga — Deyna, Masztaler, Kasperczak — Lato, Terlecki (Mazur), Szarmach.

Attendance: 12,000.

IN Salzburg AUSTRIA slaughtered Malta 9-0 in group three, with six goals from Rapid Vienna striker Hans Krankl.

The others came from Josef Stering (two) and second-half substitute Hans Pirkner. The Maltese had defender Farugia sent off in the 67th minute for disputing Krankl's sixth goal. Malta last scored an away goal 15 years ago.

Austria: Koncilia — Sara, Peradis, Pezzey, Strasser — Hattenberger, Hickersberger, Prohaska — Stering, Krankl, Schachner (Pirkner h-t).

Malta: Galt — Cantar, Schembri, Darmanin, Holland — Farugia, Michaleff, Fabri, Ray Sueret — Magro, Seychell (G. Sueret h-t).

Attendance: 19,000.

Hamburg stop Anderlecht double bid

GEORG VOLKERT, captain of Hamburg, 31 years old with five internationals in the past for West Germany, was for many years underrated by Helmut Schoen, the Press, fans and fellow players because of a suspect temperament.

In Amsterdam, against Cup-winners' Cup holders Anderlecht in this season's final, he had the chance to put everyone right, when Ludo Coeck brought down Arno Steffenhagen 12 minutes from time in the penalty box, with the score 0-0.

Volkert has a reputation too as an extremely able kicker of a dead ball. In fact he's only missed two penalties in the past three years. But . . . one of those misses was the previous weekend, against Duisburg, when he thudded his kick against a post.

Now Volkert had the opportunity to redeem himself. As skipper he had no doubt that it was more than ever his responsibility to take the kick. But so much rested on it. Hamburg, despite all the season-long bickerings of coach Kuno Kloetzer and president Peter Krohn, were within reach of their first European title . . .

Volkert usually takes an eight-pace run-up. This time he added two more paces, shaped to fire the ball one way, and took Jan Ruiter by surprise by hitting the kick clean and true into the opposite corner.

It was a goal Hamburg had long deserved — deserved in fact since Anderlecht's early storm burnt itself out after the first 15 minutes.

CUP-WINNERS' CUP FINAL
May 11 — Amsterdam

Anderlecht 0
Hamburg SV2 (Volkert 78 pen. Magath 88)
Ht: 0-0 Attendance: 65,000.

Anderlecht: Ruiter — van Binst, Broos, van den Daele (capt), Thissen — Dockx, van der Elst, Haan, Coeck. Coach: Goethals.

Hamburg: Kargus — Kaltz, Ripp, Hidien — Memering, Magath, Keller — Steffenhagen, Rensenn, Volkert (capt). Coach: Kloetzer.

Hamburg SV captain Georg Volkert with the European Cup Winners Cup after his team had beaten Anderlecht.

Neglect

The West Germans went into the game promising attacking football, but they didn't neglect their defensive planning. And the plans they laid proved too meticulous for Anderlecht, the brittle Belgians who expected so much out of this season and ended with comparatively little.

All right, so Erwin van den Daele and Peter Ressel — one of their four Dutchmen — wasted early chances. But as HSV settled, it was clear that unlike last year when West Ham gave Rob Rensenbrink freedom to take them apart, the West Germans were not prepared to give him any room.

When he went deep he was picked up by Casper Memering; when he moved forward Hamburg defender Manfred Kaltz immediately took to his side. Kaltz is the man Schoen fancies as West Germany's successor to Franz Beckenbauer as the national team's sweeper, and he certainly didn't do his future chances any harm with the way he coped both with close-marking Rensenbrink and covering his fellow defenders.

After 24 minutes Peter Nogly put a rare foot wrong, and misplaced a clearance to Rensenbrink. His cross was smashed against a post by Jean Dockx. That was Anderlecht's last opening and the last we saw of Rensenbrink in incisive action.

Hamburg took over.

Two years ago, when Paul van Himst left Anderlecht, he did so under the cloud created by the signing of Arie Haan. Van Himst, for 16 years the Anderlecht hero, complained that Haan had been signed to take his place and would also upset the prospects of young Ludo Coeck in midfield.

Ironically both Haan and Coeck were there against Hamburg — Haan as Anderlecht's most consistent player, and Coeck as the eventual scapegoat. It was when the Germans found the way to stifle Coeck in midfield that they started to get on top, and it was Coeck who brought down Arno Steffenhagen for that 78th minute penalty.

Coeck has had a mixed season. Anderlecht took on Raymond Goethals last year — after trying for ages to tempt him from his job as national team manager — and Goethals, following fashion, wondered if he could create a Belgian Beckenbauer out of Coeck. The player took exception to the idea, and while Anderlecht tried to sort out a settled formation — the Duncan McKenzie saga didn't help — his form deteriorated.

There were injury problems in the rest of the team, and morale wasn't helped by the way Brugge soon established themselves at the head of the league.

Anderlecht have never been noted for their reliability in a crisis and, just as they couldn't find consistency in the league, so in the Cup-winners' Cup Final, once they realised the game was moving away from them, they started to go to pieces.

Just after half-time Ressel was lucky not to become the second player booked by English referee Pat Partridge — Nogly was the first in the second minute for fouling Haan — when he stopped Steffenhagen after the ball had gone.

Steffenhagen was playing on an old home pitch. After all, he was once with Ajax after spells with Hertha Berlin and in South Africa, and the longer the game went on the more he enjoyed himself.

Anderlecht still dabble with the offside trap, but it could have betrayed them a couple of times. In the 68th minute 'Felix' Magath was pushed over in the penalty box, but Partridge waved aside pleas for a spot kick. This time Hamburg had more justification than the first half occasion when Magath wormed inside, but decided to fall over rather than try for a goal chance.

The pressure started to tell: van den Daele was booked for yet another trip on Steffenhagen, and now Hamburg knew they had only to keep pressing and the goals would come.

Volkert's penalty was the vital breakthrough. Anderlecht now had to push forward and Rensenbrink burst out of his shell to rasp a shot inches over Rudi Kargus's bar in the 84th minute.

Four minutes later and it was all over. Volkert escaped Gilbert van Binst and Magath had an easy task touching in the cross. No doubt now. Hamburg had won the Cup-winners' Cup, won it nine years after going down in the final to Milan.

They had the certainty, too, that they had provided a far better final not only than that last appearance, but a far better final than went to have climaxed this 16-year competition. Hamburg also, by winning, maintained the odd tradition that no team have ever won the Cup-winners' Cup two years in a row.

Anderlecht had failed at the last hurdle just like Fiorentina, Atletico Madrid and Milan before them. Hamburg thus became the third team from West Germany to win the trophy, after Borussia Dortmund in 1966 and Bayern Munich in 1967.

At least in one way, they are keeping faith with Anderlecht's win last year. Anderlecht went into their final with West Ham knowing that coach Hans Croon was on his way out. Now, at Hamburg, Kloetzer is to be replaced by the ever-wandering Rudi Gutendorf.

Perhaps he can help them make history — and retain the Cup-winners' Cup next year. Certainly nothing less will satisfy the ambitious Dr Krohn.

Beckenbauer out

West German newsletter from Arthur Rotmil

FOR the first time in nearly seven years the West German national team took the field without their captain Franz Beckenbauer and won two internationals in the space of three days. Following his much publicised move to join New York Cosmos and the general upheaval which inevitably followed, the great Beckenbauer, Germany's record holder of 103 caps, had asked to be left out of the side to play against Northern Ireland in Cologne and Yugoslavia in Belgrade.

That the Germans beat the Irish fairly comfortably 5-0 and the skilful Yugoslavs by 2-1 should confound those critical commentators who predicted a slump of the national side deprived of its most influential personality. It is, however, worth recalling that the Germans were similarly handicapped when for instance the famous Fritz Walter hung up his boots, or upon the retirement of Uwe Seeler and more recently with the refusal of Gerd Müller to carry on at international level.

Yet, West German football continued to enjoy great success and has always managed to find new talent wich secured its position at the top of the world ratings. Manager Helmut Schön has often been accused of being overcautious and of sticking to the "old guard". But he demonstrated right now, that he is willing to experiment by awarding no fewer than five new caps in those two matches.

Against Northern Ireland the Schalke forwards Klaus Fischer (27) and Rüdiger Abramczik (21) made their debut. And in Yugoslavia defenders Franz-Josef Tenhagen (24) from VfL Bochum and Rolf Rüssmann (27, Schalke) plus midfielder Felix Magath (23, Hamburger SV), who came in at half time, celebrated their first appearance in national colours.

The selection of Fischer and Rüssmann was highly controversial, for these players belong to the unhappy band of five men from Schalke who were found guilty of accepting bribes in 1971 and subsequently of committing perjury, having sworn in affidavits that they did not take any money.

Their case was finally settled by the West German Football Federation (DFB) before Christmas: Fischer, Rüssmann, Lütkebohmert, Sobieraj and Wittkamp (who is now with Borussia Mönchengladbach), were ordered to pay a total sum of £12,000 into a charity (cancer research), and were suspended again, but this time for just five weeks.

Many German fans protested in letters to newspapers that men who have deliberately cheated should not represent their country. But since the DFB at a special meeting of its Council decided to exercise mercy, the "Bundestrainer" Helmut Schön felt in no way inhibited to include them in his squad.

Fischer made an immediate impact by scoring two fine goals against Northern Ireland, while Rüssmann did well as a centre back against Yugoslavia. Young Abramczik was a revelation against the Irish, by beating opponents on the wing with consummate ease and putting across a stream of accurate centres reminiscent of Jürgen Grabowski at his best in the Mexico World Cup.

Most significant was the attacking 4-2-4-formation of the Germans with two centre forwards Fischer and Dieter Müller who also scored. Bonhof (penalty) and Flohe added the other goals.

In Belgrade a more conventional line up with just three strikers was also successful. Bonhof again converted a penalty and Dieter Müller gave the Germans a fine away victory over technically excellent opponents, who once more failed to convert their chances, an old Yugoslav weakness.

STIELICKE TO STAY?

MEANWHILE two West German clubs reached the finals in European competitions: Borussia Mönchengladbach who opposed Liverpool in the Champions Cup and Hamburger SV facing the holders Anderlecht in the Cup Winners' tournament.

Borussia had both good and bad news on the personal front. First their Danish striker Allan Simonsen renewed his contract for another two years. Then came the "Stielike Affair": After Beckenbauer's departure to the States the DFB have bolted the door to any further attempts to poach their star internationals. Until the World Cup '78, no member or prospective candidate for the national squad will be allowed to leave the country. And thus Borussia Mönchengladbach's star midfielder Uli Stielike, who received a fabulous offer from Real Madrid, will not be released by the German Football Federation. Borussia agreed terms and a fee of £450,000 with Real, but the DFB blocked the move.

Borussia had plenty of other problems before playing Liverpool. Their top scorer Heynckes made a poor recovery from his cartilage operation and did not play for weeks. The champions badly missed his scoring power, for the Dane Simonsen was marked much tighter as the only dangerous striker. In fact Borussia were struggling in the Bundesliga trying desperately to hold on to their title.

One German mercenary who returned from Spain to his homeland was World Cup star Paul Breitner, who joined Eintracht Brunswick. He cost the club not the wrongly reported £400,000, but just £280,000 — the rest of £120,000 was the figure of his personal contract and salary for a three-year period.

It is not every day that a club in the hour of its greatest triumph parts company with its successful manager, but that's what's happened at Hamburger SV: Kuno Klötzer, for so long at loggerheads with general manager Dr Peter Kohn, finally decided to quit at the end of the season.

In the European cup Winners Cup Final Hamburg beat the holders Anderlecht by 2-0, to win the first major international trophy. Volkert (penalty) and Magath scored the goals in a match the Germans dominated for long spells.

Bayern to rebuild their squad

FRANZ BECKENBAUER'S "defection" to the USA was not directly attributable to greed, though one cannot imagine any footballer aged 31 rejecting a contract worth reputedly £1,750,000 for three years! Bayern Munich's captain was financially well-off, but . . . Once the "gutter" Press began to dig up sensational stories concerning his alleged attachment to a show star and to a female Press photographer, and, more important, about his problems with the Inland Revenue concerning some undisclosed earnings, he felt he had had enough.

The Cosmos club have been after Beckenbauer for nearly two years, but only after the aforementioned campaign against him in the mass media, besmirching his character, did "Kaiser" Franz ask his and Bayern Munich's business manager Robert Schwan to reopen negotiations with the New York club management. Schwan who was implicated in the transfer deal and is supposed to receive a 20% cut of the fee, has also been "released" by Bayern who are now run by president Wilhelm Neudecker. Chief coach is still Dettmar Cramer, who has the unenviable task of rebuilding his ageing side without Beckenbauer. New players are to be bought out of the money collected from Cosmos.

Munich began to mourn Beckenbauer's departure at a time when their other famous star Gerd Müller was making a spectacular comeback. Out with a back injury, which required an operation, for exactly 70 days was the irrepressible Müller. On his return he scored after just 45 seconds (!) play in Bayern's 3-0 win against Kaiserslautern. And he followed this up in the next home match by hitting four goals in the 5-1 victory over Rot-weiss Essen! The fifth goal was incidentally scored by Beckenbauer.

But this wasn't the only excitement in Munich. What a lot of people outside Germany don't realise is, that in this capital city of Bavaria the most popular club is not Bayern, but TSV 1860 Munich. In the match against VfB Stuttgart the "Lions", as they are known, drew to the Olympic stadium a capacity crowd of 77,573 — which must be a world record for a Second Division fixture!

Bayern, by the way, did not draw such a gate at all this season. About 11,500 fans accompanied the Stuttgart team who are strong contenders for promotion, to that game in Munich. Stuttgart's top forward is incidentally Dieter Hoeness, the younger brother of the famous Uli, the World Cup star playing for Bayern.

LESLIE VERNON presents his annual review of the English season

DOMESTIC OF 'EXCITIN

A FRIEND of mine is lying, badly beaten with a fractured skull, in a London hospital. He was mugged by a group of thugs as he was walking home peacefully on a quiet night in the select part of Islington. Nothing was taken, it was just senseless violence done for "kicks" by a bunch of sadistic morons.

Although it happened near the Arsenal ground, these criminals didn't wear red and white scarves, apparently, they had no connection with football whatever. Was this despicable act then merely yet another manifestation of the "social disease" we hear so much about from armchair psychologists and Sunday Times football writers?

In that case, society must be changed (how? when? by whom?) and in the meantime our hospital wards will remain occupied by innocent victims of these poor, 'misguided' creatures.

How does this incident relate to soccer? Only by the tenuous connection that hooliganism of the worst kind is also labelled 'social disease' by the "whitewashers", whose avowed intention is to sweep the dirt under the proverbial carpet. To say that football hooliganism has nothing to do with football is just as nonsensical as to state that bank robberies have nothing to do with money.

The game, the clubs, the administrators, are all responsible for the overheated, sick, hysterical 'atmosphere' of our grounds. In the frantic chase for honours, prizes, recognition, financial salvation, even the minimal moral and ethical standards have been abandoned. I have seen nearly one hundred matches during the past season, but not once have I read anything in the programmes or heard any announcement over the loudspeakers, which were critical of their own fans' behaviour, or put a censure on the chanting of obscenities.

As I said before, the clubs are guilty of encouraging 'overidentification' by selling coloured scarves, bags, T-shirts etc. That's why I would accept the UEFA principle that clubs are responsible for the actions of their supporters — home or away!

During the past season, I would have closed the Manchester United and Chelsea grounds for at least three weeks — although I am hooked on Chelsea and admire United. I would have fined both clubs (and several others) and would have taken points away from them. Unfair — you might say, how can it be proved that the hordes who have destroyed the Norwich stand or put the boot in at Luton do belong to these clubs?

Perhaps you can't, but you must make an example of them.

It is no accident that uniforms of certain political organisations are banned — even if they are only caps or armbands. The herd instinct of the mob, the loss of individual responsibility is just as apparent in the sinister march of teenaged football supporters as they descend on a peaceful town or district.

If the clubs would suffer, only then, I am convinced of this, would they miraculously find a solution to the hitherto "impossible" problems. And these idiotic fans would begin to control each other. "Stop it," they might say, "otherwise Chelsea won't get promotion, or United might be thrown out of the Cup." This system works in international competitions, it is certainly worth a try in English football.

That I should start my "review of the domestic campaign" by dealing with this "fringe horror story" is an indication of how depressing the entire scene has been. Referees, as usual, have also played their parts in the deterioration of our football morals. Their weak-kneed, lukewarm administration of the laws relating to crude, dirty play.

Their inconsistency and ill-advised use of the advantage rule were all too evident. To repeat Danny Blanchflower's question: "What do you have to do to get sent-off?" I have seen punch-ups, players deliberately kicking opponents lying prone on the ground, without as much as a yellow card caution. I have seen the distorted faces of players as they hurled abuse at linesmen who flagged them offside, when they were in fact at least three yards — offside! No caution, no sending-off, no discipline, no integrity. Delegates at the recent Monte Carlo "Round-Table" conference endorsed my sentiments, piously wringing their collective hands over "the violence" that has now become a 'permissible' or 'tolerated' part of the world game.

The Assembly (Prince Rainier, Joao Havelange, Sir Stanley Rous, etc., etc., and everybody else who speaks French fluently, haltingly or not at all) decided to name 1978 the "Year of the Referee".

"In this "Y.O.R." the officials ought to be paid more money, (legally that is) for controlling important games, and they would impose their FIFA/UEFA given authority on the rascally players" — said one of the speakers. Well, I wish them luck, after all, we had the "Age of the Kicker from Behind", "The Month of the Time Waster and Conman", it is high time to give the Refs. their due.

Improved

The standard of our domestic game still reeks of "exciting mediocrity". I often wonder what these players do all week, as I observe them misplacing the simplest of passes, shoot wide from five yards, and mis-control the ball even when under no visible pressure. These aspects must be improved if we want to catch up with the best of the Continentals — even the Finns looked more skilled at Wembley than England!

But perhaps we play too fast? I cannot do better than to quote David Miller, who wrote in the "Daily Express": "Saunders is right. English Soccer does have the ability still to teach things to the foreigners. But only if he, and other managers, recognise that the secret of the game is first possession, and second not pace, but change of pace".

Liverpool have recognized this truism, and have stifled the parrot cry so widely trumpeted in the previous year, that their triumph is a "bad thing for English football." Whenever Kennedy, Keegan or the majestic Heighway are in possession, there is a change of pace. These players have the confidence to dwell on the ball or to increase the tempo if necessary. But true adventure is still sadly missing from our game.

Johnny Giles, on his way out of the jungle as he voluntarily relinquished his job at West Bromwich, said: "What really disgusts me is the emphasis on results. You know, about victory having a thousand fathers and defeat being an orphan. You get so much of that in football it turns your stomach. It destroys so many managers who

Ray Kennedy (left) and Emlyn Hughes display the Football League Championship Trophy after Liverpool had clinched the title by drawing 0-0 with West Ham United.

GAME REEKS ...
G MEDIOCRITY'

started with the best intentions."

What are the outward manifestations of this emphasis on results? An overcrowding of the midfield and the prominence of the 4-4-2 system even when playing at home. Coaches are convinced that matches are won or lost in the middle of the park, and that's where, by sheer force of numbers, they can stop the other side playing.

This concept is not peculiar to our own football. Hamburg suffocated Anderlecht at midfield, and then cleverly snatched two goals on the breakaway in this year's Cup Winners' Cup Final. It was a game of utter boredom, but the Germans took home the trophy, and our old friends, the "artists" (Rensenbrink, Van Der Elst, Haan) hardly had a kick.

English football is slightly more "open", because, urged on by the crowd, players haven't got the time or patience to merely smother the opposition, and wait for the right opportunity to counter attack. But the previous season's bright promise turned out to be a mirage.

Flagbearers of the progressive approach, Q.P.R., West Ham and Ipswich, were handicapped by injuries, Manchester City chose to kick, butt and punch their way to the top, and only Manchester United remained truly committed to attacking football. (It doesn't matter what John Bond *says*, judge him by the way his team *play*!)

Perhaps there will be a fresh impetus soon to take a step forward, but if I wish to be realistic, I must accept that the game will remain stagnant, at least until the next World Cup. "Tactics" will strangle imagination, "getting a result" will remain more important than self-expression.

P.S.1: Tommy Docherty, after his team Manchester United *lost* to Liverpool in the League, said: "from a selfish point of view, this was a good result for us, because it virtually means that win or lose at Wembley, we shall be in Europe next season". Who is bringing the game into disrepute?

P.S.2: Answer received for the Rothmans Football Yearbook questionnaire from a Northern club. Directors — delete Mr. X.Y. Manager — delete Mr. Z.G. Secretary — delete Mr. B.H. How to get there — delete No. 3 Bus! Nobody's job is safe these days.

NEWS FROM HUNGARY by LESLIE VERNON

Argentina — here we come?

THE GYPSY violins play a muted tone in Budapest, people walk around practically on tip-toe, the nervous tension manifests itself in bus queues, supermarkets, and even at high places of power. Inflation? Political crisis? Drought or floods? No, Sir, Hungary are once again on the doorstep of qualifying for the World Cup Finals!

After twelve years' exile, the green light is switched on, and all they have to do is to beat Greece at home. All? To quote the tedious aphorism — "if they can't beat Greece, they don't deserve etc . . ." Nonsense, of course, since 90 minutes' football cannot possibly demonstrate whether a country's national eleven is fit or not to grace the premier competition of the world.

England failed against Poland, but they were still more deserving of a place in the Finals than Haiti or Zaire. This time round, Poland and Sweden are practically there, yet Hungary beat Poland quite comfortably a few weeks ago, and Scotland thrashed Sweden.

Still, Greece, however improved and self-assured, can only be regarded as the proverbial banana skin placed cheekily under the Hungarians' not-so-dainty feet. And let me hasten to remind those with short memories, that the Magyars have a nasty habit of falling into just such trifling traps.

In 1969 (here we go again!), they were leading 3-1 in Prague against the Czechs with less than 30 minutes to go. Final score — 3-3. Play-off at Marseille — tragedy, disaster, pestilence and a shattering 4-1 defeat. 1973 — 3-2 at home against Sweden, twelve minutes to go! Edstroem is abandoned by his shadow, Vidats, a nod past the clumsy goalkeeper, Bicskei — don't cry for me West Germany!

By the time these lines appear in glorious technicolour, you will all know the result of the final match of this fantastically well-balanced Group 9. But as of now, please excuse my trembling hands, as I recount the story of how we arrived at such a perilous stage in the never-ending saga of Hungarian country-folk.

Hungary drew at Athens, and the Greeks were beaten at Moscow 2-0. Lajos Baroti, who has the knack of getting results, fielded the same side against the USSR at Budapest as the one which in earlier warm-up matches, beat both Poland (2-1, Nyilasi 2 — Nuwazka), and Czechoslovakia (2-0, Varadi, Kovacs). Gujdar - Martos, Balint, Kereki, J. Toth - Nyilasi (Torok), Pinter, Zombori - Pusztai, Kovacs, Varadi (Fazekas). USSR: Astapovskij - Kruglov (Troshkin), Hinshagasvili, Bajsakov, Lovshev - Konykov, Burjak, Minijev, Dolmatov (Kipiani) - Fjodorov, Blochin. Baroti:

"I knew that the Russians would be defending in depth, and would build their game on swift counter-attacks. I also expected to see someone detailed to mark Nyilasi out of the game. My tactical plans were based on winning the midfield battle, and the opening-up of their defence on the flanks. At half-time, I told the boys to utilize our superior heading ability and send high centres into their penalty area". High centres into the box? Hungarian football must be changing! In any case, the plan worked.

In the 66th minute, Pusztai hurled a giant throw-in into the area, and Kereki headed past the groping fingers of Astapovskij. Earlier, to be exact, in the 44th minute, following a Kovacs-Zombori-Varadi move, Nyilasi scored from close-in. Blochin, who was rendered ineffective by the close-marking Martos, finally escaped the clutches of the Ferencvaros full-back, and his centre was converted by Kipiani in the very last minute — 2-1!

Pinter was the man of the match. He ran himself to a standstill, tackled to good effect, and found time to organize and initiate some dangerous attacks. It was specially pleasing for the Hungarian coaches, that their charges were fitter, faster, tactically more aware than their much vaunted Russian opponents. "We must rejoice over the sight of our players outlasting the Russians. 'Athleticism is the key to modern football. It is due to the hard work of our club coaches, that Baroti was able to devise such courageous tactics. We didn't need a 'safety valve', a sweeper, we could trust Martos and Balint to look after the world-class Russian strikers in one-to-one situations" wrote Pal Borbely in "Nepsport".

Following the defeat in Hungary, the Russians travelled to Salonika, and lost 1-0 to a goal by Papaioannou — surely one of the shock results of the competiton. In the light of that score-line, the Hungarians earlier draw in the Greek capital, became quite respectable. Alas, the USSR inflicted a customary 2-0 beating on Baroti's team in the return match to go on top of the group with four points — Hungary and Greece have three each! But the Russians have the best goal-difference, consequently, a draw in Budapest would be suicidal for both Hungary and Greece.

I cannot over-state the importance of this match. Since time immemorial, the national team have been the most cherished unit in Hungarian football. It represents their standards, their concept of the game, their rating on the world ranking list. Three days after the home game against Russia, Honved were due to play at Diosgyor. When the loudspeaker announcement of line-ups came to Pinter's name, the 20,000 crowd gave him a standing ovation — on an away ground!

Although winning of this group means yet another battle against the South American wooden spoonists (Bolivia? Peru?), to finish on top, ahead of the bogey team, Russia, would be a major achievement. So, the stage is set for this nerve-racking finale. Will the outcome be a triumphant march around the Nepstadium, or will the Hungarians finish up on their backsides, having slipped on the banana skin — a gift from the "devious" Greeks, who have suddenly learned how to win important football matches?

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Club Focus on Dynamo Kiev by Keir Radnedge

WHEN Valery Lobanovsky said before the Champions' Cup quarter final with Bayern Munich that he expected the West Germans to win the trophy for a fourth year he could hardly have done much for morale in the Ukraine. The 44-year-old Dynamo Kiev coach has thus lost out on both counts: No only was his forecast wrong, but his own team's later failure put something of a question mark against his own future.

MOSCOW MONOPOLY BROKEN

Black humour, you might call it. Lobanovsky, a former Kiev player, wouldn't see the joke. He's a dour sort of individual who seems to have been little pleased by the success seen in his half a dozen years in charge of the first Soviet team to reach the last four of the Champions' Cup.

Perhaps all the responsibility has worn him down. Certainly he's now got a different assistant is former Kiev striker Anatoli Kirilovitch Puzach, who took over as No. 2 after the dismissal last summer of Oleg Bazilevitch.

Lobanovsky and Bazilevitch, as well as being Kiev managers, held the roles of joint national team bosses when Kiev were the Soviet side from mid-1975 until the Montreal Olympics. But after the comparative failure of third place, Bazilevitch was dismissed from both jobs and Lobanovsky only hung on at Kiev by the skin of his teeth.

Nikita Simonian is now of course the Soviet team manager, though he still draws heavily on Kiev. Six of the Ukraine club's players were in a recent international line-up.

Ironically, considering Kiev's defeat by Borussia Moenchengladbach, a lot of Lobanovsky's ideas and methods were culled from a visit he made to West Germany several years ago to study the preparations of leading teams such as Borussia and Bayern.

Kiev, founded in 1927, were founder members of the Soviet first division and have never been relegated — in fact, in their first year they were runners-up.

Triumphs

But it was 1954 before they made a mark. Two years before they had been runners-up again and in 1954 they became only the second club outside Moscow to take a major title, when they won the Cup. Their best player at that time was Yuri Voinov, later voted the best right half in the 1958 World Cup.

He was still there when Kiev finished runners-up in 1960 and then, in 1961, became the first club outside Moscow to win the League. A few more years and they began to take over the whole show.

Second in 1965 they achieved the Cup and league double in 1966, and went on to a record-equalling hat-trick in the league with further championship triumphs in 1967 and 1968. The only survivor now (apart from Puzach, that is) is goalkeeper Yevgeni Rudakov.

The stars were two midfield men and two forwards: in midfield were Iosif Sabo, a tough nut whose career began at full back, and the crew-cut round-shouldered Viktor Serebryannikov. The forward stars were Valeri Porkujan, who scored three goals for Russia in the 1966 World Cup Finals, and Anatoli Bishovets, who led the national attack in Mexico in 1970.

Kiev were second in 1970 and their fifth championship success came in 1971. In 1972 they were runners-up again, and scored a double second in 1973 when they lost out in both league and cup to Ararat Erevan. But in 1974 it was Kiev's turn again — the double, but with a difference, for as it was completed in November (when the spring-to-autumn Russian season ends), they were on their way to a treble.

In early 1975 they became the first Soviet side to win a European trophy, when they beat Ferencvaros 3-0 for the Cup-winners' Cup. And that didn't satisfy them. Later in 1975 they retained the league for the seventh championship in 14 years.

Last year, however, brought complications. First the Soviet FA decided to switch to a conventional Western European autumn-spring championship, with a transitional single-round league being held in the interim last spring. But it was soon realised that Kiev would face tremendous handicaps, after the decision to use the Ukraine club, rather than Moscow Spartak, as the Olympic team base.

So the spring league became a virtual nothing, with Kiev finishing in mid-table thanks to their reserves. Then, in the autumn, with their stars back — albeit tired and stale — Kiev finished runners-up to current champions Moscow Torpedo. So, if Kiev wanted to compete in the Champions' Cup next season, they had to win in Rome. As it was they didn't even get that far.

Kiev were the first Soviet team to enter Europe, when they took part in 1965-66 Cup-winners' Cup. They reached the quarter finals before going down to Celtic, but took revenge in the autumn of 1967 when they ousted the Scots, new holders, from the European Cup in the first round.

Gornik of Poland put Kiev out in the next round and politics ended their challenge in 1968-69 before it had begun. Celtic were again drawn against Kiev in the first round, but protested against having to play an Eastern bloc team so soon after the Warsaw Pact invasion of Czechoslovakia. UEFA bowed to political pressure, reorganised the draw and saw virtually all the Eastern bloc teams withdraw.

In 1969-70 Kiev went out in the second round to Fiorentina, but reached the quarter finals in 1972-73. This time they went down to Real Madrid, who had goalkeeper Mariano Garcia Remon to thank for the vital 0-0 draw in Odessa where Kiev had to play since their own 90,000-seater Ukraine Central Stadium was still iced up.

In Spain they still call Garcia Remon the "Odessa cat."

But Kiev were not only the first Soviet team in Europe, they also became the first to win a title when, in the 1974-75 Cup-winners' Cup they beat CSKA Sofia (1-0, 1-0), Eintracht Frankfurt (3-2, 2-1), Bursaspor (1-0, 2-0), PSV Eindhoven (3-0, 1-2) and, in the final, Ferencvaros 3-0.

Onishenko scored two, Blokhin one, and the skill and rare style (for a Soviet team) which Kiev displayed in Basle immediately put them among the favourites for the 1975-76 Champions' Cup, particularly after they beat Bayern Munich 1-0 in West Germany and 2-0 in the Ukraine to win the Super Cup.

Instead, their hopes evaporated again in the quarter finals just over a year ago, when they went down in extra time to Saint-Etienne 2-0, 0-3.

Ability

Kiev have competed only once in the UEFA Cup — in 1973-74, when they went out in the third round to Stuttgart.

This past season was the first time any Soviet team had reached the last four in the Champions' Cup, but, of course, Borussia had just a little too much organisation and ability, and having won only 1-0 in Kiev, Dynamo went down 2-0 in Düsseldorf to a late goal by Hans-Jürgen Wittkamp.

Still, they didn't disgrace themselves, having gone that far by beating Partizan Belgrade 3-0, 2-0, PAOK Salonika 4-0, 2-0, and defending champions Bayern 0-1, 2-0.

Thus, until the second leg against Borussia, they had conceded one goal in seven games, with their own 14 shared among Beryak

Action from the European Cup semi final between Borussia Monchengladbach and Dynamo Kiev.

(three), Slobodyan (three), Kolotov (two), Onishenko (two), Blokhin (two — one a penalty), Muntjan and Troshkin (one each).

And what of the players?

In goal is the only survivor of the team of the 1960s — Yevgeni Rudakov, now 34 and nearing 50 international caps. Rudakov saved the Soviet Union from a thrashing in the 1972 European Championship final which they lost 3-0 to West Germany in Brussels. Other Kiev men in that team were Troshkin, Kolotov, Konkov and Onishenko.

Rudakov's ability is surely deomonstrated by the fact that his reserve a year ago, Vladimir Astapovski, now of Moscow Spartak, has recently been named footballer of the year!

The two full backs are usually Vladimir Troshkin, a 29-year-old with two dozen caps, and Viktor Matvienko (30 — 16 caps). Troshkin is the more adventurous, perhaps because he was converted from midfield; Matvienko it was who gave away the penalty for hands in Düsseldorf which Rainer Bonhof converted into Borussia's first goal.

The stopper is either Anatoli Zviaguintsev (29) or 30-year-old Stefan Reschko, who won only 24 caps after being once rated the most promising young defender in the league. Behind them and among as sweeper is Michail Fomenko (29 — 32 caps), who was booked in the first leg against Borussia. Reserve defenders include Alexander Damin, Valeri Samochin, and Sergei Kuznetsov. Also on the verge of a first team place is Viktor Suyev.

In midfied Kiev have been badly hit already this year by injuries and skipper and schemer Viktor Kolotov missed the Borussia and Bayern ties after being injured during a winter tour in Italy. At 27, with 50 caps, Kiev were weakened without his skilful organisation and improvisation, and had the added handicap of being without Vladimir Veremeyev (28 — 46 caps) as well.

Veremeyev missed the 1975 Cup-winners' Cup Final through suspension, but was still there on the touchline in his original profession — Press photographer!

However, fortunately, Kiev probably are at their strongest in the midfield department, with the experience of Anatoli Konkov (25 — 24 caps), and Leonid Buryak (23 — 50 caps). Konkov often acts as a sweeper in front of defence, while another experienced midfielder is Vladimir Muntjan, who is studying to become a lawyer.

Muntjan, with 288 league games to his name, is the longest-serving Kiev outfield player. Also in midfield Kiev have been delighted this season with the promise of 20-year-old Alexander Berezhnoi.

The scheme of play is based on 4-4-2, without a traditional centre forward. Kiev rely for goals on the raiding of 'wingers' Vladimir Onishenko and Oleg Blokhin.

Troubled

Onishenko, who scored twice in the 1975 Cup-winners Final, is 27 and has won 41 caps. He has also been troubled by injury in the past few months, but fortunately Kiev have found an effective deputy in 23-year-old Piotr Slobodyan, who scored several vital goals in Europe. Onishenko, however, has always fallen in the shadow of Blokhin, the blond 1976 European footballer of the year.

Blokhin is the great star of Soviet soccer. He was born on October 5, 1952 in Kiev, his father was a useful footballer, his mother a record-breaking sprinter. Indeed, Blokhin himself is a great athletics fan, perhaps because he was no mean sprinter himself and one of his oldest friends in Valeri Borzov, double-gold winner in the Munich Olympics.

Blokhin, when he's not playing football all round the world — a record 85 matches in 1975 in Russia, Europe and South America — studies international relations, but it's as a sporting ambassador that he's made his name.

As the top-paid Soviet player he earns about £550 a month plus a flat in the city, a country villa and the latest Moskvich car.

He made his international debut at 19 in the 1972 Munich Olympics, and, with six goals, finished second top scorer to Poland's Kazimierz Deyna. He had joined Kiev at 15 and was the league's top scorer in 1972, 1973 and 1974. He became Soviet player of the year and scored all three goals in the Super Cup win over Bayern.

He remains a somewhat reserved man; perhaps he doesn't want to fall victim to the personality cult opponents who brought about the downfall of the last big star, midfielder Valeri Voronin.

But his goals have certainly earned him a star rating — 78 in 134 league games before this present season, compared with teammate Onishenko's 43 in 130.

The present Kiev era may have come to an end with that defeat by Borussia. But there is no doubt that their performances pushed them into second place only to the immediate post-war Moscow Dynamo as the most impressive Soviet club side.

What made Kiev different has been the way they added skill and a large degree of virtuosity to the traditionally boring and stereotyped style we had grown used to seeing in Soviet teams.

Perhaps it was only possible to develop this outside Moscow, in the capital of the state where many people still maintain a fierce sense of being Ukrainian, of being 'different' from the Russians.

We will see Kiev next season in the UEFA Cup; and they won't be anyone's pushovers.

NEWS FROM FRANCE
by Andre Duclos

Dublin defeat a blow

EASY VICTORY in Switzerland — a very rare event for us — did not and could not make up for that defeat in Dublin. All the threat and promise of a nail biting finish to our World Cup group is there, with everything very likely depending on the last game of all when France receive the Bulgarians in Paris. Ironic when you think we now have our best, liveliest, most talented team since the fine side which took third place in the World Cup of 1958; and in the opinion of many was the *vrai Dauphin*, the true second. A better team than the Swedes themselves, surely.

Note that the French team which won so well in Geneva against a far from negligible Swiss side was without four key players. But the spirit — as in far off 1958 — is supreme. Michel Hidalgo, about whom so many doubts were expressed when he moved up one vital rank in the hierarchy to take over from Stefan Kovacs, has turned the trick.

The team believe in him. Congratulated after the game in Geneva on his fine defensive display — and his Saint Etienne colleague Janvion's was just as determined and good — Christian Lopez replied: "If we defended so well at the back, it was because we saw our attackers go to the limit of their effort. Nothing inspires and comforts a defender more than the commitment and success of an attacker."

The four missing men were Marius Tresor, the coloured defender, most polished in France, Bernard Lacombe, certainly our best conventional centre-forward, and those two mighty midfielders from Saint Etienne, Dominique Bathenay, he of the fearsome shot, and Synaeghel. Lopez, Sahnoun, Giresse and young Baronchelli, stepped into the breach with such poise and skill that the absences were barely noticed. There is, at long last, depth in the French national squad: even if, perhaps inevitably, there has been a falling off in the brilliant Michel Platini from the heights he reached earlier this season. For all that, he scored another of his famous, free kick goals.

International tournament

Platini had a very long season last year when he ended playing in the Olympic tournament in Montreal. This summer scarcely is more benign in that respect, since France is committed to a taxing tour of South America. There, as Michel Hidalgo has said, they will be meeting a kind of football which is largely unknown to them, and to which they will have to react very quickly. It is, after all, five years since France went to South America to take part in the Brazilian international tournament. But there seems no reason, lassitude apart after such protracted efforts, why their good young team should not acquit itself well.

Hidalgo seems, for one thing, to be eliminating one of the evident faults displayed in Dublin; the tendency of the wingers to come off their flanks and gum up the middle.

One of France's liveliest young forwards, the left flanker Didier Six of Valenciennes, will doubtless have changed clubs by the time you read this. He too had an effective game in Geneva. Six, who joined Valenciennes as a teenager but points out that in fact he comes from Lille, is known as a somewhat contentious character; though he himself insists that he has been much maligned, that many of the stories which circulate about him are sheer fabrications. He is 22, married with a child, has a father who once played professional football and to whom he often turns for advice.

He particularly rejects the belief that when he is harshly treated by a defender, he throws in the towel. Though he says he's a professional with a capital P, he insists that if he weren't paid, he would still play football for fun. Football, he says, for him comes before everything. It's something his wife has to put up with. Playing abroad would mean that next season will be even harder for him, and by extension for her, than the present one.

Asked who is the best French outside-left, he replies that he thinks he has the qualities to earn the title, but is afraid of being called a "big head". Henri Guerin, former team manager of France, once said that Six was a very good player, but that he doesn't score. Six points out that he does score; usually attaining double figures in the League, while in 1975/6, he added eight goals in the Cup. As for those who call him an individualist, in the pejorative sense of the word, he replies with the rhetorical question, "If I were, would I set up so many goals?" Probably not. "I'm a winner. I was born under the sign of the Lion, you understand?" I think I do.

Then there's Alain Giresse, another who figured in the Genevan victory. Nearly 25 years old, born near Bordeaux, a player with that club, under contract till 1979, small, lively, attached to the club since he was only 12. A rather odd international career. He could scarcely have made a happier debut, since he took part in that famous 2-0 victory over Poland in Wroclaw in 1974; then sank out of sight till the recent 2-0 win over Rumania. His father was his first manager-coach at his native Langoiran; he always likes to wear number 13 for Bordeaux. Second centre-forward is where he best likes to play, though he was once a right winger.

His strengths, he feels, are "a good technique, a good striker of the ball," his weakness a lack of "aggression" in fighting back when he has lost the ball. Unlike the ebullient, assertive Six, Alain Giresse has no plans to leave his beloved Bordeaux region; "I'm a hundred per cent Bordelais," he says.

This, though he objectively defines the Bordeaux team as a moderate side which only occasionally does anything unusual.

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Sammy McIlroy (right) of Manchester United and Jimmy Case of Liverpool in action during the 1977 FA Cup Final. Picture by Peter Robinson.

Tommy Smith of Liverpool is consoled by Manchester United manager Tommy Docherty after the FA Cup Final. Four days later Smith headed Liverpool's second goal against Borussia Monchengladbach and later that same week had his own testimonial match at Anfield.

BENEFIT MATCHES TO END?

asks Eric Thornton

IT'S been great for the boys while the cash bonus for faithful service has been so freely available, but now at long last it is really beginning to look as if the good times are gradually fading.

Over the years, and in all parts of Britain, the fans have always rallied in their thousands, willingly paying out hard earned coppers in late tributes on the departures of special idols.

If proof were needed on that particular point, it is a fact that within the immediate two postwar decades more than eighty top flight performers had their palms crossed in final handshakes.

Old timers have got something when grumbling about their own parting gifts. Because when they were in action, five years of continuous effort for the same outfit generally meant them picking up beneficiary cheques of only £650 — if they were lucky.

That was before the war, of course, and I would remind anyone rushing forward to illustrate a comparison with present day living costs that a big tax cut, even in those days, always trimmed the figure considerably.

Profits

Anyway, greats such as Charlie Buchan, Peter Doherty, Warney Cresswell, Sam Wadsworth, Tom Cooper, Ernie Blenkinsop, Matt Busby and a host of others never really lined their wallets when signing off.

Even the legendary Dixie Dean hardly picked up a pot of gold while playing, though doing fairly well with a share of the profits from a serialised life story I wrote on his behalf for a national Sunday newspaper, and then coming out of retirement briefly when Everton staged a special occasion a few years ago.

The rewards, however, gradually increased until better organised affairs boosted cash returns into four, then five figures — up to £5,000, £8,000, £10,000, and beyond.

Billy Bremner and a batch of others did well until Bobby Moore reached for the skies with a record buster that made everyone wonder just where it might eventually halt, which was my line of thought in a World Soccer article some time ago.

Growing receipts have been giving plenty of other folk ideas. And to such effect that last winter English clubs were staging these efforts at the rate of almost one a month, obviously forgetting that novelty wears thin when overplayed.

Now, many directors and top officials in different parts of Britan are presently discussing this special aspect of the soccer industry, and particularly in relation to other trades where gold watches remain the status symbol of continuity of fine service.

I am aware that the majority of Civvy Street types also have private pensions but the average player is on such good wages these days, that it's my opinion they should themselves make similar provision instead of requiring Dad and the boys to dip down once more.

I understand that this question has already been examined informally in the top echelons of the game, especially in view of gradually diminishing support at most recent testimonials.

Here's some solid evidence of the trend. Paul Madeley, a great Leeds' favourite for years, discovered the new facts of life when only 12,400 turned up for his pay-out. Shortly afterwards, a mere 7,500 attended the Maine Road benefit for one-clubber Glyn Pardoe.

There were scores of empty spaces on the stands and terraces of a ground which once accommodated 84,500. It all underlined the opinion of Manchester City chairman Peter Swales, who said later: "It looks as if the fans are becoming a little tired of these type of games, and it might be best if they were gradually phased out, and loyalty rewarded by clubs with either a lump sum or a pension."

LOOKING AT SOCCER with BRIAN GLANVILLE

'Kicks and spits and headers...'

WE HAVE had Eamonn Dunphy's autobiography, in the form of a diary — memoirs, perhaps one should more correctly call it. Now we have, in Italian, a stranger book still, by a footballer who makes Dunphy, a man politically well left of centre, look, by comparison, almost conservative. The player is Paolo Sollier, the book is called CALCI E SPUTI E COLPI DI TESTA, meaning kicks and spits and headers, and again I must apologise for the face that it is published in Italian — by a firm called Gammalibri of Milan — and will never, never see the light of day in English and in Britain.

No matter. It is the kind of book to be read about, rather than to be read. Sollier is a centre-forward from Turin who, as the hardened pros say over here, "can't play". He would admit it himself. He is a worrier and a chaser, but he did help Perugia into the First Division. After a season there, they got rid of him, selling him to the *Serie B* team, Rimini.

Sollier is by way of being an intellectual. He has very strong political and social views, and is much given to meditation. He has a hard, cold eye for the idiocies of professional football in Italy, sees it quite clearly for what it is, and the fans for what they, poor devils, are, trying to compensate a wretched, unfulfilled, inadequate, monotonous life with their ridiculously exaggerated attachment to a football team.

Not that Sollier is wholly protected from criticism of his own style, or lack of it. There's a passage in which he turns bitterly on those journalists who write him off, pointing out, fairly enough, that a team needs its "mules" to succeed, as well as its stars. As for the journalists, he pursues, in a manner which would bring pleasure to Steve Heighway himself, that great castigator of the Press, if he is not worthy of the First Division, then they are scarcely worthy of the third.

Untalented

He himself will always be able to fight, to run, to anticipate a rebound. What can they do . . . but join *La Nazione*, the Florentine newspaper, where, he says, such untalented people are always welcome. This amuses me a little. Many, many years ago, when I lived in Florence myself, I used to write each week for *La Nazione*. But then, whenever I see Tommy Docherty nowadays, he passes some caustic remark on the subject of my having played left-back only in Sunday football.

Fair enough. We know that the current self-protection of soccer managers, coaches and players is that only somebody who has actually played the game at League level can appreciate the profound, arcane and esoteric mysteries of which the game is made. Out of sheer *malignità*, I sometimes feel tempted to evolve a counter theory that *no* manager should be drawn from dragooned, half (half?) educated, benighted ranks of the professional footballer. After all, the game in bygone days was full of managers who had not played professionally; some of whom, like Leslie Knighton, manager of Arsenal, Chelsea, Birmingham and Bournemouth, really did rather well.

Is it not, after all, a disqualification to be plucked out of school at the age of 15 or 16, subjected to a hard yet mindless discipline, robbed of responsibility, finally to be regurgitated, largely incapacitated for life, at the age of 32 or so?

All quite unfair, of course, but perhaps no more unfair or foolish than the professionals' attempt to exclude the outer world from their ultimately rather commonplace activity.

I digress. Back to Sollier, whose book is fragmentary and best read in fragments, above all when he is not toying with ideas above his station, nor recounting his tedious romantic life, with Roth-like excursions into the subject of masturbation, but telling us about football, seen from his own, idiosyncratic, sophisticated point of view.

Sollier, full of a fine disgust, is left not only of centre but even of Communism. Indeed, his strictures on the Italian Communist party and its conformist inadequacies foreshadow the contempt felt by the current student movement, which feels itself sold out by orthodox Communism. As for the Italian sporting Press, I can sympathise with much that Sollier says about it, even if he is far, far too kind to *Tuttosport*, the Turin daily, which he feels has a social and political awareness greatly superior to that of any other paper.

I can't agree. What he mistakes for social political awareness is merely the self-indulgent vaporising of the editor, Gian Paolo Ormezzano who, when it comes to the crunch, is as feeble, evasive and disingenuous as the rest of his colleagues.

The litmus paper has been the Solti-Lobo Affair, over which, as readers of these columns will know only too well, the Italian Press has behaved with almost incredible dishonesty, most of its members sitting snugly in the greasy pocket of the Great Manipulator; no names, no pack drill.

Ormezzano struck certain bravura attitudes when the first revelations appeared, but since then he has tried to have the best of both worlds. Dare to be a Daniel; and dare to make it known. Difficult, of course, when the club with dirty hands is Juventus of Turin and yours is the principal Turin sporting newspaper; this I appreciate. But then, don't try to claim credit for courage without being prepared to suffer any of the pain.

When I published, in the *Sunday Times*, the letter Keith Botsford had brought back from Holland, showing clearly that Solti HAD whatever Giampiero Boniperti's evasions been an official representative of Juventus, the Italian Press played the whole thing down in the most deplorable but, alas, predictable, way. That wily Southerner, Mario Gismondi, who when he was editor of the *Corriere Dello Sport* of Rome sent me a cable of congratulations on the first exposures then consistently attacked me for weeks on his own front page, has attacked me again in some new fly by night Roman rag. *Tant mieux.*

It was Gismondi, poor, snarled-up being, who explained to me with great seriousness in Munich, during the last World Cup, that he *had* to attack me, otherwise everybody would have said that he was playing Lazio's game against Juventus. Such is the twisted morality of your Italian sporting journalist; if morality be the word. Casuistry would I think be a better one; and I can readily think of others, far less polite.

When I said, in the *Sunday Times* last March, that Solti appeared to be living in Milan without police permission, a severe sin in Italy, you might in your innocence have thought that Italian journalists in that city would have beaten a path to Solti's door. Not a bit of it. They sat on their *perks* and kept their . . . typewriters dry. An Italian Correspondent in London told me wistfully that he had been in the homes of leading Italian sports journalists and could not begin to live like them.

Where do they get their money? Gentlemen, your guess is every bit as good as mine.

Names in the news

JAN ZWARTKRUIS shook the KNVB when he decided to quit as Dutch team manager. Zwarkruis moved in as caretaker last summer after the European Championships and the KNVB wanted him to stay on to see them through Argentina. Now the 51-year-old air force captain says he's fed up with the job because it involves too much paper work and not enough time with the players.

KEES KIST, Holland striker who scored five goals in a league match earlier this season., may be leaving AZ67 Alkmaar, even though they have qualified for a UEFA Cup place. Kist, a substitute in the 2-0 Wembley win over England and who then appeared again in the World Cup qualifier against Belgium, is wanted by RWD Molenbeek.

REAL CHASE STIELICKE

News from SPAIN by Keir Radnedge

GÜTNER NETZER was a controversial player during his years with Madrid, and he continues to be a much-discussed man after news of his role in the bid to bring former Borussia Moenchengladbach colleague Uli Stielicke to Chamartin.

Netzer acted as a go-between in early negotiations between the clubs for the 23-year-old midfielder, before Santiago Bernabeu and secretary Agustin Dominguez flew to West Germany to try to tie up the deal.

Though the clubs have agreed a £300,000 fee and Stielicke has signed a £120,000-a-year three-year contract, it is still unclear whether the West Germans will allow Stielicke to beat their new ban on transfers abroad before the World Cup.

The Stielicke bid was a surprise in Spain, though when Bernabeu and Dominguez flew to West Germany to go to Düsseldorf for the Borussia-Dynamo Kiev Champions' Cup second leg, a lot of people put two and two together and decided that Madrid were about to swipe Rainer Bonhof from under Valencia's nose.

Instead their target was Stielicke, a surprise choice because his injury record is not the clearest and, after all the problems Madrid have had keeping Henning Jensen on his feet, it is hard to understand why they would risk more trouble.

Stielicke will have in his contract, say Madrid, a clause stipulating that he can play in any West German internationals when wanted, but as DFB president Hermann Neuberger said: "We've seen these clauses before when our players have gone abroad. They're all right on paper, but that's all."

Helmut Schoen was also, understandably, unimpressed. His words were: "Uli should keep his feet on the ground and get himself properly fit before he dreams about going to Spain and making a fortune. That would certainly set him back as far as the national team goes, too."

The first spying work on Stielicke was done by youth team overseer Luis Molowny, then retired right-winger Amancio Amaro had a look too.

Penalty

Stielicke has long been on Miljan Miljanic's list of players who could do well at Madrid, and he could be an improvement on Breitner who looks more than ever a fish out of water as he continues in midfield in Spain, just counting the days to his return to West Germany to Eintracht Braunschweig.

At one time there was talk of Jensen returning to Borussia, but it is only now that he has started looking like the player Madrid's fans were told to expect almost a year ago.

His best match so far has been in the 4-1 win over Espanol, when Miljanic had to switch him from right wing to centre forward after Carlos Santillana went down with flu at the last minute.

Jensen was in fine form, controlling the ball deftly and keeping Madrid's attack moving smoothly. Roberto Martinez scored two goals, Pirri one from a penalty, and Jensen the other.

"That's the first time I have played in the position I was used to in West Germany," he said.

Miljanic was well pleased: "Today, for the first time this season, the fans were cheering the players. And it showed too, that the better the atmosphere the better they play. Up to now we've been playing our best football away from home because it's been calmer!"

But a week's break for the international against Rumania didn't suit Madrid.

Home again against Betis they lost 1-0 after a disastrous performance for which Miljanic decided to bring back Santillana and leave out Alberto Vitoria, who had done well against Espanol in midfield and also in the under-21 international.

That defeat seemed to kill off Madrid's hopes of maintaining their 22-year European presence, but Miljanic wouldn't admit it.

"No one in soccer should ever give up, while there remains a chance," he said. "But, I must admit, playing like that we won't make the UEFA Cup."

Jensen and Vitoria were restored to centre forward and midfield the following week at Las Palmas, but the result was a 4-2 defeat.

Two of the Las Palmas goals came from former River Plate centre forward Carlos Morete, called *El Pavo*. Morete, with 16 goals last season and 19 so far this term, has turned out a bargain buy, though he openly admits that the transfer ruined his hopes of playing in the World Cup next year.

"Menotti, our manager, shouldn't include any foreign-based players in his plans," said Morete, "With just one exception — Kempes. He's irreplaceable."

CLUBS have been told to hurry up with installing fences after the latest crowd riots in the second division match at Puertollano, when referee Jose Gallardo Fernandez was knocked unconscious after half an hour when the fans stormed over the pitch after Calvo Sotelo went 1-0 down to Gijon. The goal was a header from former international striker Quini, and what provoked the riot was Gallardo's decision to send off one of the protesting Sotelo players, Waldo.

Calvo Sotelo have had their ground closed for two games. They must also play off the remaining hour against Gijon on a neutral ground and behind closed doors.

FIDEL URIARTE, former Bilbao striker, is to retire at the end of the season. Uriarte has spent the last three seasons at Malaga, but his appearances have been restricted by illness and injury.

Ironically it was at Malaga that he made his debut for Bilbao when he began the ten-year career which brought 11 full caps, Cup medals in 1969 and 1973 and the Trofeo Ramichi as Spain's top scorer in 1967-68.

The same day Uriarte made his debut for Bilbao, another youngster gained his first chance in the Basque ranks, coming on as substitute a few minutes from time. The Young substitute? — Goalkeeper Jose Angel Iribar, now Bilbao captain and Spain's record international.

TOP SCORER in Spain at the moment is still Espanol's Muranon, with 21 goals thanks to a hat-trick against Malaga and two more in a 4-0 home win over Bilbao. But Bilbao were fielding eight reserves, since they faced Juventus in the UEFA Cup Final first leg the following Wednesday.

Muranon is closely pursued by Kempes (Valencia — 20), Clares (Barcelona — 19), Morete (Las Palmas — 19) and Ruben Cano (Atletico Madrid) and Satrustegui (Real Sociedad) both on 18.

MALAGA are certainly down. The other two relegation places are now between Zaragoza, Celta and Santander (all on 27 points), Burgos (28), Hercules (29) and Elche (30).

Kubala stays

SPAIN came within a whisker of a national team crisis with Ladislao Kubala wondering whether to quit as manager after the 1-0 World Cup defeat in Rumania.

After the setback to Spain's hopes of qualifying for the finals for the first time in 12 years, Kubala was summoned to a meeting of the FEF in Madrid and, before going, asked president Pablo Porta whether he should offer to stand down after eight years.

Kubala has his opponents in the corridors of power, but fortunately — since there's no one else interested in the job — Porta isn't one of them, and he warned Kubala that though he would face some tough criticism, he shouldn't give in.

Nor did he, though he had put a lot of people's backs up with his controversial decision to include Atletico Madrid's 25-year-old Argentina-born top scorer, Ruben Cano, as centre forward in Rumania.

Spain's players were on £1,750 for a win each and, after Gregorio Benito's early own goal, fought back so well they could still have made it, had not Bilbao's Ignacio Churruca and Cano wasted fine chances. Cano had never been even involved in a national squad training session before Rumania, let alone in a warm-up international.

Rumania now have the edge in their overall record against Spain. All the nations' five matches have been competitive, starting with Spain's 6-0 win and 3-1 defeat in the European championships in 1962. In 1975 both matches in the European championship were drawn, 1-1 and 2-2.

A lot of the blame for defeat has now fallen on the head of Cano, who very nearly didn't play because of rumours that he had played for Argentina at youth level and fears that Rumania and Yugoslavia would take political advantage to push Spain out of the World Cup.

Title for Atletico Madrid

WITH three matches to go Atletico Madrid stand three points clear of Barcelona and poised to win the championship for the eighth time in their history. Only Barcelona (nine) and neighbours Real (17) are ahead of them.

So here is more than adequate compensation for Atletico after the disappointment of defeat in the Cup-winners' Cup semi-finals by Hamburg — a defeat plotted, incidentally, for Hamburg by Paul Breitner.

Perhaps it might have been different if Atletico had had Joao Leivinha fit for the first leg, which they won 3-1 as it was and created several more chances. Certainly Leivinha was back to form with a bang in the 5-1 win over Santander which lifted Atletico nearer the title.

Leivinha got two of the goals to put Atletico back on course after a defeat the previous week by 2-0 at struggling Burgos, who were inspired by Juanito, once an Atletico cast-off, now a big star. Juanito scored one of the goals, and perhaps made Atletico coach Luis Aragones wonder if he had made the right choice in leaving out Spain full back Jose Luis Capon.

There were more handicaps in an injury to skipper Ruben Ayala, which ended the Argentine's run of more than 100 consecutive games, but by this time Barcelona were a little too far adrift to have much hope of making up the leeway.

Atletico previously scored a good 2-1 win away to Sevilla, with Luis Pereira dominant in defence, and Eugenio Leal virtually playing himself in Spain's team against Rumania with an all-action performance in midfield.

Then came a 1-0 home win thanks to a goal from Ruben Cano, over a Las Palmas excellently organised in defence, before the Burgos setback.

Barcelona's challenge, meanwhile, has been overshadowed by the internal squabbles at Nou Camp. Skipper Johan Cruyff has signed for another year — at a guaranteed £480,000! — and so has coach Rinus Michels, though this decision is not one to delight a lot of people.

Cruyff has also been pleading the cases of Marcial Pina and Carlos Rexach, who were dropped, suspended and fined after breaking *retiro*, and it seems that Rexach, 32 now, will stay on for another year as a player then perhaps join the coaching staff. Marcial, however, has no wish to stay and will presumably remain on the transfer list and leave during the summer. He and Michels have never seen eye to eye.

In the league Barcelona have beaten Zaragoza 2-1, then did well to win 1-0 away to Valencia. Manolo Clares maintained his challenge for the Trofeo Pichichi with two goals in the 4-0 win over Celta, and then Barcelona kept up their 20-year unbeaten record in Atocha by holding Real Sociedad 0-0 in San Sebastian.

Good results, but too late now to do much good.

***Footnote:* Incredible statistic about Cruyff. In his four years in Spain the Dutchman has received 19 yellow cards and two red — *17* of them for talking out of turn!**

Paul Breitner (white) in action for Real Madrid against Salamanca.

VALENCIA FOR UEFA CUP

VALENCIA look set for the UEFA Cup next season, but what kind of a team they will have is uncertain.

After their big signings of last summer and bright start to the season, they seem ready to release £400,000 Carlos 'Lobo' Diarte, and Johnny Rep is unsettled still, despite the sacking of coach Heriberto Herrera.

Rep made a flying trip back to Holland recently without the permission of coach Manolo Mestre and was fined for it. Still, the cash probably came back quickly in the win bonus for the 4-0 defeat of Sevilla in which Rep scored twice and so did Mario Kempes.

Who takes over as new coach during the summer? Miguel Munoz is one name mentioned, but it seems that he got the thumbs down from former Valencia coach Alfredo di Stefano, who is still on good terms with president Jose Ramos Costa.

Di Stefano and Munoz were not always the best of friends during their dual spell at Real Madrid in the early sixties.

Anyway, di Stefano is on such good terms with Ramos Costa that it seems he will land the coaching job with Valencia's local neighbours, Levante, next season. If, that is, Levante aren't relegated from the second division, which is likely to be the fate of di Stefano's present club, Castellon!

THE BIG story in the second division is the likely promotion, for the first time, of the third Madrid team, Rayo Vallecano.

With a squad of little-known players well drilled by former Valencia defender Javier Garcia Verguado, they are poised to step up. Though they would be everyone's favourites to come straight back down!

Their squad is very weak behind the first-teamers, as Garcia Verdugo admits — "We have just 13 basic players. After that, injuries or too many yellow cards would put us in a lot of trouble."

At varying times in the past Rayo have been used as a nursery team by Real and Atletico Madrid. Now at last they have the chance to create their own identity.

SEVERAL players want to return home. Top of the list is Rui Jordao, whose 14 goals are keeping Zaragoza in with a fighting chance of avoiding the drop.

Jordao wants to return to Benfica.

BATHENAY PO 'DUTCH'

FRANCE may have at least a couple of players — in Dominique Rocheteau and Michel Platini — who catch the eye more than Dominique Bathenay.

But if the Saint-Etienne midfielder's value is sometimes hidden despite the French club's three-year European campaign, Stefan Kovacs didn't let Bathenay's skills escape him.

The little Rumanian's words were: "He's the nearest thing to a Dutch player the French have got."

Kovacs was, of course, well qualified to make a judgement in those terms. He it was who took over at Ajax in the autumn of 1971 and steered the European champions to two more titles and a supreme peak which led to the 'discovery' of total football.

After leaving in the summer of 1973 he spent a couple of years as national team manager in France. And yet, though he called Bathenay into his squads, Kovacs' relations with Saint-Etienne were somewhat strained and it wasn't until Michel Hidalgo followed him that Bathenay gained his international baptism in October 1975.

Energetic start

Hidalgo, who played on the right wing for Reims in the first Champions' Cup Final, then later served several years at wing half for Monaco, decided to risk Bathenay in a European Championship tie against East Germany in Leipzig.

The French had to win to stand any chance of earning a quarter final place ahead of Belgium, and Hidalgo thought Bathenay the ideal all-action complement for schemer Jean-Marc Guillou and veteran Nantes skipper Henri Michel in midfield.

Bathenay was an international novice. Yet he was quickly into his stride, hustling the East Germans out of possession, covering more ground than anyone, and finally putting the French ahead five minutes after half-time.

In the closing stages, however, his energetic start took its toll. As Bathenay tired so the French resistance quivered, and Joachim Streich and Eberhard Vogel (penalty) turned the tables. It was a year before Bathenay was recalled . . . but now he looks in to stay for a very long time.

First team debut

Bathenay was born on February 13, 1954, at Pont d'Ain, a small town in south-eastern France, not far from the Swiss border and Geneva. And not far, either, from Saint-Etienne.

Their general manager Pierre Garonnaire saw him playing as sweeper in the youth team of a town club nearby called Touron when he was 17, and signed him virtually on the spot.

'Garo' has made his name — and Saint-Etienne's reputation — by his wise shepherding of young talent, and Bathenay was to prove one of his masterpieces. At the start of 1971-72 Bathenay was in Saint-Etienne's affiliated third division (central) team. Two years later he was making his first-team debut in a 2-1 win away to Nimes in October 1973.

Only injuries have kept him out since.

In the previous season Saint-Etienne had finished fourth behind Nantes. Now, with the addition of the persistent, tireless Bathenay in midfield, Garonnaire and chief coach Rob Herbin — the club's former international defender — had completed their jigsaw.

They now had at their command the combination which would scorch to the league title three seasons in succession and twice add the Cup for good measure.

In 1973-74, Bathenay's first season, Saint-Etienne lost just six games out of 38 and finished six points clear of Nantes. Their tactics were based on a naive but variable 4-2-4, with Bathenay partnered in midfield by Jean-Michel Larque. But for away games, skipper Georges Beretta dropped back to help out on the left flank.

Bathenay, who had arrived just too late to take part in the youth cup wins of 1970 and 1971, now tasted instant double success. On top of the championship Saint-Etienne beat Monaco 2-1 in the Cup Final. His only regret was that, at the climax of a glorious first season, injury meant he had to be substituted after an hour.

Herbin was delighted with Bathenay. He had plenty of skill in his team, but as yet not a great deal of confidence — and Bathenay was just the type he had needed: a player of energy to encourage the others, to drive them forward, even when the chips were down.

The next season was virtually a repeat. With Bathenay's reputation growing all the while, and his stamina and strength developing to match his perpetual motion ambitions, Saint-Etienne again achieved the double.

In the league they finished nine points clear of Marseille, and their goals record — 70 for, 39 against — was the best in the league in both attack and defence. Six of those goals 'for' went to Bathenay.

Eventual winners

Lens went down 2-0 in the Cup Final and *Les Verts* succeeded despite the strains of a Champions' Cup campaign which saw them fall only to eventual winners Bayern Munich in the semi-finals, and despite the remarkable decision of Beretta to join rivals Marseille in midseason.

Bathenay has played in every one of Saint-Etienne's Champions' Cup-ties. But that 1974-75 campaign left the fans' nerves in tatters.

They beat Sporting Lisbon 2-0 and 1-1, then lost 4-1 away to Hajduk Split. It looked all over — but Saint-Etienne's players didn't think so. With the backing of their 38,000 sell-out crowd in the Geoffrey-Guichard stadium, they fought back to win 5-1 after extra time.

Bathenay, apart from providing the pulsating heart-beat to the performance, also chipped in with the second goal.

In the quarter finals they faced Ruch Chorzow, the enterprising Polish team driven forward by Zygmunt Maszcyk, one of the key men in the 1974 World Cup Finals. At half-time Saint-Etienne were 2-0 down and in danger of being overrun. Yet in the second half, with Yvan Curkovic a hero in goal, Saint-Etienne conceded only one more and scored twice themselves. They won 2-0 at home to cruise into the last four.

Vital breakthrough

That paired them with Bayern, holders after beating Atletico Madrid in a replayed final the previous year. But Bathenay wasn't fully fit and Herbin left him on the substitutes' bench, for the first leg in France. His absence was costly. Saint-Etienne needed his fire in the struggle for early goals and after 57 minutes they were still nowhere near breaching the calm of Franz Beckenbauer and Co.

Herbin called off the classy but anonymous Christian Synaeghel and gambled on Bathenay's never say die spirit forcing the vital breakthrough. Too late and in vain. Saint-Etienne, held 0-0 at home, went down 2-0 in West Germany.

Saint-Etienne met Bayern the next season, too — this time in the final at Hampden, Glasgow. It was their finest hour-and-a-half. For much of the time they threatened to run the legs off the West Germans. Bathenay, as ever, was in the thick of the action — and

SSESSES SKILL!

Feature by Keir Radnedge

came within an inch of scoring when a tremendous left-foot drive struck the goal frame.

Again his efforts were in vain. Saint-Etienne, having beaten KB Koebenhavn, Glasgow Rangers, Dynamo Kiev and PSV Eindhoven, fell at the last hurdle.

But that didn't kill their European dreams. If anything, it encouraged them, because the players saw how close they had come to glory and thought that with their added experience in the European cauldron they could succeed — third time lucky.

They had qualified for a third try by winning the French league again — finishing three points clear of Nice — for their ninth title, a record. Appropriately in the history books it is France's first great European campaigners, Reims, who follow them with six titles.

This season Saint-Etienne have, from the outset, drifted aimlessly in the league. The target was the Champions' Cup. But in the early rounds injuries threatened to unsettle them.

Rocheteau was weighed down by thigh and knee problems; Jean-Michel Larque needed a cartilage operation in mid-season. It was up to the men from the shadows to keep them on course.

Argentine defender Oswaldo Piazza scored the single goal each time which decided the ties against Bulgaria's CSKA Sofia and PSV again. Then came the ultimate test: Liverpool.

Thrilling shot

Upset by injuries, trying to adapt to new attacking patterns which meant only two permanent strikers, Saint-Etienne had no answer to Liverpool's defensive tactics in France . . . until virtually 10 minutes from the end when Bathenay burst through in typical style to beat Ray Clemence with a thrilling shot.

That was a crumb of hope for survival. But after Curkovic blundered to let Kevin Keegan open the score inside two minutes at Anfield, Saint-Etienne were up against it.

Once more it was Bathenay who led the resistance. Covering almost every inch of the pitch, hitting long and short passes with equal accuracy, he roused his team-mates from their pessimistic depression. He even snatched at a half-chance and gloriously swung Saint-Etienne back into the game with an equaliser.

But while he was away in attack the defence crumbled. Liverpool went through; Saint-Etienne went out.

Demanding sphere

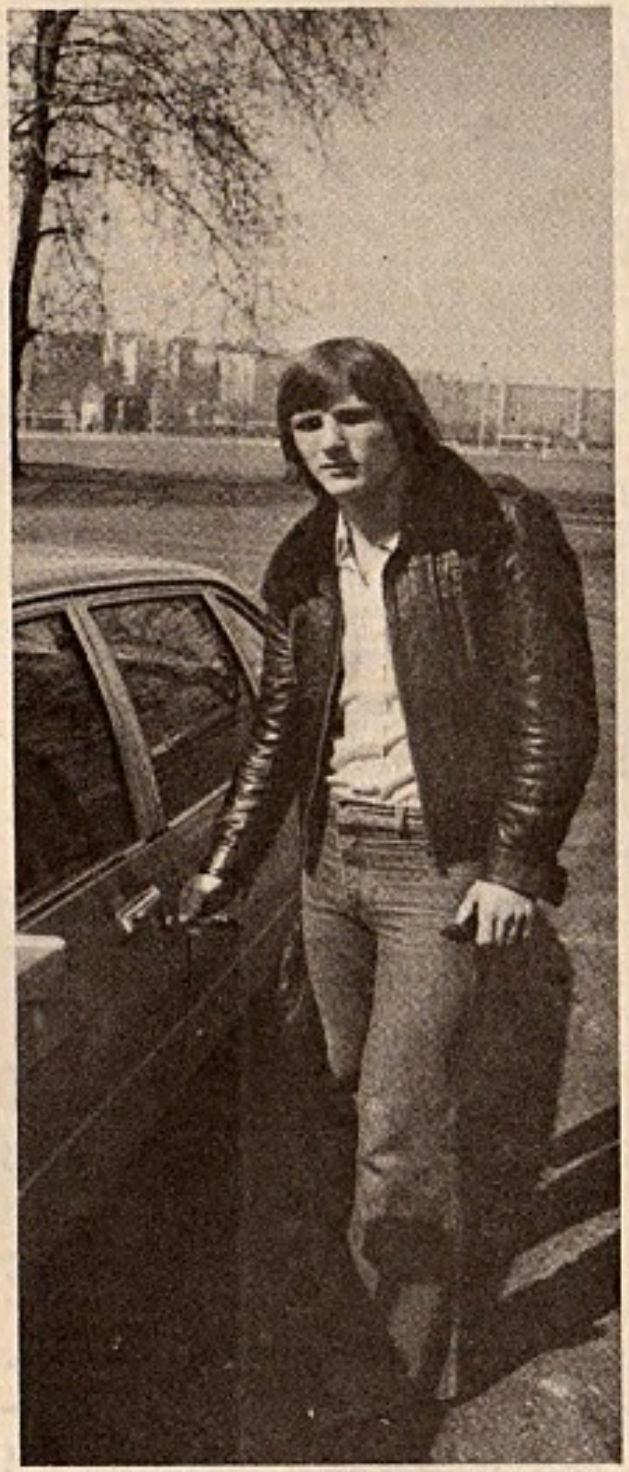
Bathenay's reputation however, stood enhanced. He had scored two fine goals to improve his reputation as a man to score when it matters — as he had in France's World Cup-ties with Bulgaria (2-2 in Sofia) and the Republic of Ireland (2-0 in Paris).

Saint-Etienne may just slip into next season's UEFA Cup. But if they don't it could mean that Bathenay's next chance on the international stage will be in that most demanding sphere of all — next year's World Cup Finals in Argentina.

Who dare say he wouldn't do well? So far, each step of his career has lifted him to a new plane of personal success.

He brought that necessary vigour which helped Saint-Etienne immediately step up to a hat-trick of championships. In his second season they reached the Champions' Cup semi-finals, in the next they were finalists and he was within a whisker of winning it for them.

What more appropriate and timely challenge than the World Cup for the chunky, successful, yet shy young man who remains unspoiled enough to put the team first, personality second?



Dominique Bathenay of France and St. Etienne.

from Peter Bills in Belgium

DAVIES HAPPY WITH BRUGES

FEET crunching through peanut shells; half cold tea and stale meat pies — that's the life of the average English soccer Supporter. Old, dirty grounds all over the country mark down England as the paupers of European soccer.

Suddenly, the little countries like Belgium lead the way. Club Bruges built a superb, open-plan stadium just two years ago. Car parking and seating in abundance, not a paper cup or sausage roll wrapping in sight.

Bruges bought Derby County's striker Roger Davies for £135,000. For that sort of cash back home, you might get an over-priced prima donna and a bank manager hammering at the door in the night.

England, the country that gave soccer to the world, now has the dogs dinner. And the European soccer lords live it up in style. Champagne is on the menu most days at Barcelona and Real Madrid; Bayern Munich have an Olympic Stadium to play in. And Bruges give their players fat wage packets, superb facilities and an outlook 1980's style. Meanwhile, back north of the old white cliffs of Dover, they're still living in the times of the pit and cloth cap.

Exports

Don't believe it? You've got to when you get first hand evidence from one of the English exports. "Style — they know what it's all about here and in most parts of Europe," says Roger Davies, whose goals have taken Club Bruges to more honours this season.

"Another world over here," is the heading on the Davies dossier. He goes on: "We played in Real Madrid in the European Cup this season — marvellous experience. You have them back for the second leg and feel proud of your stadium. Small, maybe, by their standards of 125,000 — but brand new, every facility and comfort for all. You don't get words like that when it comes to soccer conversations regarding English club's facilities."

Little things opened Roger Davies' eyes as soon as he'd crossed the 22 miles of English Channel. "A superb house to live in at once," he said. "Now we're in a modern apartment right in the centre of the old town. Gorgeous place, full of smart shops and clean streets. Everything is catered for.

Sweat

"But it's things like training and the gear you get that is one of the big differences, too. Training gear at Derby was basic — one set and you wore it all week. You almost dreaded getting up Friday morning for the smell of stale sweat on your gear. Here, it's clean stuff every day. Fresh, you look smart and feel better. Makes such a difference."

Modern attitudes, modern facilities. And modern-sized wage packets to go on top of that.

"Of course it costs more to live over here," says Davies. "But the money is still very much better than I ever got at Derby, even allowing for the cost of living. I honestly believe I couldn't afford to go back to England at the moment. I'd be a fool anyway with the money I'm earning here.

"I have another year to go on my contract and the option of one more after that. If I'm playing well then and they make me an offer that's financially worthwhile, I'll stay for another year."

Davies believes Bruges is the ideal place for a European club trying to lure English players. "It's really close to England — less than an hour on a plane and only half an hour from the Channel port at Ostende. So you cut down immensely on the chances of players not settling due to being homesick. It's a superb city, full of interest and Belgium has money in a lot of places — that's obvious.

"You get a fantastic range of television programmes here. Three English TV channels, two from France, three Belgian stations and one from Germany. Nine stations and football on almost all the time, you can't beat that if you like your sport."

Davies looks back with amazement at the life he might still have been living. "I went back to Derby a few weeks ago and saw them play — unbelievable" he said. "I can't understand it — on paper, they've got one of the best sides in Britain. But they're really struggling now and they panic under pressure. The difference between here and there is vast in so many ways.

"I look at those dingy, dirty backstreets in Derby now and it seems unreal; another world away. I wonder how I stuck it for so long."

Report by ARTHUR ROTMIL

INNOVATIONS IN RUSSIA...

TWO remarkable innovations have produced the biggest stories in the Russian sports papers at the start of the new soccer season. In the first place the club managers/coaches will no longer live in fear and insecurity, for in future they can only be dismissed with the approval of the Soviet Union's Sports Council and the Football Federation.

Secondly, any disputed incidents which occur during a match will be resolved by means of video tapes provided by both clubs and the final verdict resulting thereof will be given by a special panel of experts appointed by the Soviet Football Federation.

The Russians, it must be stressed, have not been backward, or static in the field of fostering new methods in football administration. Some time ago they tried, for example, to end all drawn League games by introducing penalty contests after games which ended in stalemate. That the experiment did not work out and had to be abandoned was not the fault of the legislators, they at least made an effort, to be progressive. It is certain, that the new rule which offers club managers the chance to remain longer with a club should benefit Russian football in the near future. Up till now the team boss was the principal scape-goat for poor results.

Thus in the new championship campaign which began on April 2, all clubs, with just one exception, have retained their managers from last year. Five team chiefs have been in charge since 1974, three since 1975 and four since last year. The longest serving manager in the First Division is German Sonin, who took over Zenit Leningrad in 1973. The two newly promoted clubs Kairat Alma Ata and Neftschi Baku are also coached by the same managers they had for the past couple of years.

The sole exception is Sarja Voroshilovgrad who are managed by the former Dynamo Kiev star Josif Sabo. But Ararat Erevan (who lost to West Ham in last season's Cup Winners' Cup), were told to stick to their current boss. This club who finished in lowly 14th place in the League, wanted to fire Eduard Markarov, a former distinguished player, and engage instead Nikolaj Glebov, who has led the club in 1971 to a runners up spot. But to this the Football Federation gave a resounding "Niet" and so Markarov stays put!

Quite clearly Markarov, who played for the national team and for many years starred as Ararat's schemer and striker and was only appointed chief coach a year ago, was not given a proper chance to establish himself.

All 16 First Division clubs have also acquired a second Team chief who will be responsible for, among other duties, the "education". These include a number of former players who are also in possession of a coaching diploma. Interesting too, is the new regulation according to which every First Division club will be allowed to register six active officials and 31 players.

The appointment of a "jury of appeal", which is equipped with special powers, represents a totally new concept in the field of settling disputes arising out of incidents on the pitch. Every club is now required to make a film of the match, which will then be shown to this new jury whose decision will be binding and final.

Two days after the start of the season the members of this new authority held a meeting at which the referees inspectors were present to agree on the new procedure. It was decided to instruct all "juries of appeal" that they must punish players, coaches, or officials, who have offended either the laws of the game or were guilty of misconduct, on the spot. They are empowered for instance, to suspend players and even to declare results of matches as null and void!

An even more significant and far reaching decision concerns the filming of matches by both clubs — to avoid biased camera work no doubt! The video tapes must then be shown to the jury of appeal whenever there is a protest regarding incidents during play. The films must also be kept for at least seven days after the match.

Another new regulation is designed to improve the working facilities for the Press, which up to now left a lot to be desired in most Russian stadiums. Clubs in Western Europe will no doubt find it amusing that the Soviet authorities only now insist that every Press box must be equipped with at least three telephones!

The juries, who are obviously exercising a strict supervision of all League games, reported that most clubs have tried to organise their matches, in order to attract spectatoes, in the form of sports festivals, with parades and events featuring athletics and cycling.

Sponsorship

A special commendation received Ararat Erevan, who for their opening match against Zenit Leningrad, engaged a building contractor firm as their "sponsor". And for the next home game the sponsorship will come from the shoe manufacturing company called "Masis".

According to the country's largest sports paper, "Sovietski Sport", both sponsors did exceptionally well. The Zenit team was received at the airport by the young building workers with flowers and banners welcoming the club to Erevan. And the representatives of the shoe factory organised for Dynamo Moscow an "instructive" visit of their works!

As a first result of this type of "Sponsorship", the papers report much fairer games of football and no incidents of any kind!

Konkove leads out the Dynamo Kiev team for their European Cup semi final ties against Borussia Monchengladbach in Germany.

UEFA CUP FINAL - Keir Radnedge reports...

JUVENT MAKE I AT LAS

AT LAST, at the fourth time of asking, Juventus of Turin have their hands on a European title. But it wasn't as easy as they expected against an Athletic Bilbao who made up in determination what they lacked in experience.

Juventus had lost in the 1973 Champions' Cup Final to Ajax, and in the 1965 and 1971 Fairs Cup Finals to Ferencvaros then Leeds. This time they were determined there should be no mistakes — but it took a little good fortune to provide the two goals which brought success.

At the end of the two matches, though Bilbao thought that with a different referee to Erich Linemayr they would have clinched it in the second leg, I don't think there was any doubt Juve had been the better team.

You may abhor the Italian style of play — streamlined as Juve are in defence, they still use the catenaccio system — but in the class of their senior internationals, the economy of movement and the decisive sharpness on the break, they paced the two-leg final better than their Basque rivals.

Looped

In each game they were fortunate enough to score early. In the first leg in Turin, Antonello Cuccureddu centred after 15 minutes and Marco Tardelli, rising to head the ball, mistimed his effort so that the ball few off his forehead, onto his shoulder and looped into goal, completely deceiving Jose Angel Iribar.

The goal in the second leg, after just seven minutes, caught Bilbao captain Iribar similarly stranded. Bilbao were without sweeper Antonio Goicoechea for the second leg because of a first-match booking, and he was replaced in Bilbao by promising young Jose Ramon Alesanco.

Alesanco, called into Spain's squad against Hungary a few weeks before after only 11 senior games, usually plays in midfield. And while he and stopper Guisasola were settling down, their lack of understanding left Roberto Bettega with acres of space in which to step forward and head in Tardelli's cross.

Should Iribar have come out? I don't think so. The fault lay with the two central defenders and also right back Jose Lasa, whom coach Koldo Aguirre had briefed beforehand to go with Bettega to prevent just this eventuality.

So that Goicoechea booking, for a hard tackle on Gaetano Scirea, proved vital. And Bilbao had other team problems which further hit their chances of making up the ground in their own Campo San Mames. One was the thigh strain which kept Jose Francisco Rojo doubtful right up until the start, and then meant he couldn't wander across the line as Bilbao would have wished, helping upset Juve's close-marking system.

Both clubs went into the game with a match ahead on their minds — Juventus the final league match at Sampdoria Genoa which they needed to win (as they did) to clinch the title, and Bilbao the match with Las Palmas (won 2-1) which assured them a further attempt at the UEFA Cup next season.

The pressure on Juve was the greater, for the Italians see the league title as immeasurably more important than the third of the European tournaments. In fact, in the UEFA Cup several years ago, Juventus put out a side of reserves to give away a tie to Wolves because they had a tough league match coming up.

Bilbao had several grievances after the second leg — the main one being Linemayr's refusal of a penalty when Francesco Morini brought down Ignacio Churruca in front of goal. My own opinion is that several Bilbao players, who had over-indulged in histrionics when fouled in midfield, had persuaded Linemayr to be careful about giving penalties in case he should be taken in by a dive.

Refused

I thought it was a penalty — but I can understand how Linemayr refused to give it.

His other bad moment was a couple of minutes before half time in the second leg, when Lasa centred and Javier Irureta flicked the ball past Zoff. Linemayr refused the goal because Lasa had controlled the ball with his hand. The crowd didn't like it, but the action occurred directly below my seat in the stand, and there is no doubt the referee was correct.

The first leg was comparatively as you would expect. Juve did most of the attacking and Zoff was left with few problems. The Italians' opening blitz was rewarded with Tardelli's goal, but little by little the Spaniards showed increasing

'They paced two-legged than their B

solidity in defence and chances we fewer and fewer.

Certainly Iribar had to make a series o excellent saves but Juve were unluck that Roberto Boninsegna had to b substituted late in the first half because o injury.

Morale

As Juve would defend in depth in th second leg, so Bilbao concentrated o keeping out Juve in the first. Yet had it n been for a classic save from Iribar, a fe minutes from time after a header b Bettega, all that work would have prove in vain.

The result was greeted in Spain as moral victory for Aguirre over Giovan Trapattoni. But in fact the tactical battle the second leg resulted in a victory for th Italian — partly because Aguirre, face with a difficult decision over whether choose Jose Maria Amorrortu or Carlo Ruiz at centre forward, made the wron choice.

It's easy to say with hindsight that th more direct Carlos would have trouble Juve more than the inexperienced b mobile Amorrortu. But the point w proved late in the second leg whe Churruca having shot Bilbao back into th game, Aguirre pulled on Carlos a substitute and was rewarded with the go which won the game. If not the tie.

Bilbao let themselves down in th second leg because they didn't p together the kind of all-out openi assault they needed, and in that time Ju were able to settle in defence and ta

FROM BILBAO

TUS T T!

the te better asque rivals'

advantage of a gap to score the vital away goal which won the Final and the Cup.

Bilbao's best players were midfielders Angel Villar and Irureta, but they lacked the steel and organisation which skipper Giuseppe Furino provided for Juve. Swap Villar perhaps for Furino and Bilbao would probably have done it, but with Churruca below form, partly because he was so well marked partly because he didn't get the service he needed, there was not enough fire power to batter the well-drilled Italians into submission.

UEFA CUP FINAL
1st leg

Juventus 1 (Tardelli 15)
Athletic Bilbao 0
HT: 1-0. Att: 68,000.
Juventus - Zoff - Scirea - Cuccureddu, Morini, Gentile - Furino, Tardelli, Benetti - Causio, Boninsegna (Gori 35), Bettega.
Bilbao - Iribar - Onaederra, Guisasola, Goicoechea, Escalza - Villar, Irureta, Churruca, Rojo II - Dani, Rojo I.
Referee: W. Coerver (Holland).

Second leg

Athletic Bilbao 2 (Churruca 11, Carlos 78)
Juventus 1 (Bettega 7)
HT: 1-1. Att: 45,000
Bilbao - Iribar - Lasa (Carlos 60), Guisasola, Alesanco, Escalza - Villar, Irureta, Churruca - Dani, Amorrortu, Rojo I.
Juventus - Zoff - Scirea - Cuccureddu, Morini, Gentile - Furino, Causio, Tardelli, Benetti - Boninsegna (Spinosi 58), Bettega.
Referee: E. Linemayr (Austria).
Juventus win on away goal — 2-2 on aggregate

FA CUP FINAL
Pictures by Peter Robinson

Sammy McIlroy (left) and Jimmy Case go for the ball with David Johnson (10) ready to pounce.

Above: A section of the Wembley crowd with their flags and banners. *Below:* Jimmy Greenhoff (8) of Manchester United with Liverpool skipper Emlyn Hughes.

TELEVISION — W

TELEVISION continues to fascinate and to bedevil American soccer administrators. There is pretty general agreement that the sport needs nationwide TV exposure, but no agreement at all on *how* the sport should be presented on the screen. Should the emphasis be on excitement? Or on educating the viewers about the rules of the game? Or on playing up the NASL's star players? Should the cameras be wide to show passing plays developing, or should they be tight to capture individual skills?

Plus that eternal question that, perhaps, should by now be inscribed on the Statue of Liberty as the basic dilemma of American life: where do we put the commercials? The problem being that commercials have to run during live action, which means that a goal might be missed, which means that a whole mass of the public might boycott the product that was occupying the screen while the ball went into the net.

An answer, of sorts, to that one was provided during a recent telecast of a Dallas Tornado game. The product message (in this case for Dr. Pepper, a curiously unattractive form of soft drink) occupied only ¾ of the screen, while in the other ¼ a mini-version of the live transmission continued. An experiment that was, as they say in advertising circles, very well received.

The Dallas General Manager, Dick Berg, also has some ideas about making tv-soccer more accessible to non-soccer people. Berg discovered an article in the magazine *Psychology Today* by one Joan Chandler, an English woman who is an associate professor at the University of Texas and therefore an expert in TV soccer. (Though I must admit that my confidence in the depth of her soccer knowledge is somewhat shaken by her statement that it might be a good idea to "award teams points not merely for winning individual games, but also for the number of goals they scored" — something that the NASL has been doing for the past 10 years).

Situations

According to Ms Chandler, soccer is a failure on TV so far because it lacks "recognisable crisis points." Because of this, "potential scoring situations such as corner kicks and penalty kicks must be played up more dramatically."

Seizing the idea with all his salesman's enthusiasm, Berg has created a whole new set of crisis points. He has a nice erotic-sounding name for them — Danger Zone Penetrations. Remember that the NASL fields have two extra lines on them — the offside lines 35 yards in from each goal-line. Those two 35-yard areas are the "danger zones". When the attacking team crosses its opponent's 35-yard line, it has a Danger Zone Penetration. This will alert the viewer that a potential crisis point is at hand, one that should be converted into a shot on goal, maybe even into a goal. Statistics can be flashed on to the screen from time to time:

	D.Z.P.	Shots	Goals
Team A	12	5	1
Team B	5	2	0

which enable the novice viewer to tell not only which team is winning, but which team is having more of the play.

* * *

WE HAVE had a passionate and rather uncontrolled outburst from John Young, who used to be an assistant coach with the Cosmos and since then has coached the Miami Toros and the Denver Dynamos. He is not now with an NASL team, but has made the headlines by accusing the league of, so to speak, price-fixing. Or wage-fixing. The NASL clubs, says Young, have conspired to keep players' wages down by agreeing among themselves on a ceiling figure for team-wages: $50,000 in 1975, $65,000 in 1976 he says.

There is nothing particularly new in this — one has heard this sort of thing before, with the figures varying according to the source. Young says that these figures were enforced, that such restriction is a violation of the country's anti-trust laws, and that he is willing (indeed, he sounds almost anxious) to bring a lawsuit against the league. If the budget figures *were* enforced, then Young no doubt has a legal point. But just how he is going to prove anything, I fail to see.

NASL Commissioner Phil Woosnam comments on the figures: "The figures were simply guidelines, not specific rules. We had no machinery to police it. We still have guidelines today, but that's all they are. They're budget projections."

What one can say, with certainty, is that there has been, and remains, a general fear among NASL owners that player salaries will get out of hand and ruin the league. They believe, with some justification, that salaries in basketball and ice hockey are unrealistically high and are a threat to the stability of both leagues.

Len Glover in action for the Tampa Bay Rowdies. Glover is an ex-Football League player.

HAT ABOUT THE COMMERCIALS?

From PAUL GARDNER in New York

Until very recently pro soccer has had the ideal circumstances for maintaining wages at a modest level. Its players have fallen into two categories: young Americans, still a bit surprised that they actually get paid at all for playing soccer, and run-of-the-mill players from overseas (mainly England) who see wages that sound splendid by their own standards but are not really that good by American standards.

But the arrival of Pele and Beckenbauer and other top stars has changed all that. The NASL is approaching the stage now where the harsh laws of the market place are inevitably replacing any protectionist schemes that the league may, in its idealistic moments, wish to impose.

In his rambling assault on the NASL Young did raise another point of rather more consequence though, typically, he seems to have misunderstood its significance: "American players are being discriminated against. The owners don't want them playing because they fear a players' union."

The spectre of a players' union has been haunting the league for several years now, but has yet to assume any solid form. Obviously, if there were a union, the league would be faced with agitation towards better wages and better benefits such as insurance and pensions (there is, at the moment, no pension scheme for players). These are all issues that the other pro sports here have had to deal with: in grid-football there was even a players' strike over contract negotiations.

Sooner or later the league will have to face up to these problems. But to say, as Young does, that the league doesn't want Americans playing because it fears they will form a union is patent nonsense. All the evidence suggests that the league would be only too delighted to have *more* Americans playing. This would add credibility to the Americanisation of soccer, which is one of the few trends that seems to meet with universal approval.

There are two main reasons why there are not more Americans playing. Firstly, the obvious one: there are not enough good American players to warrant their selection. The only team in the league that has consistently played a substantially American line-up, the St Louis Stars, has not been able to win the title in 10 years, has always been one of the dullest teams to watch, and has not been able to attract fans in sizeable numbers, even to its home games in the St Louis "soccer hotbed."

The second reason is more complicated. Most of the coaches in the NASL are non-Americans. They prefer to go with foreign professionals whose background and psychology they understand. They are much less at home with the American players, most of whom come into the leahue after a 4-year stint in college where they have learned not only different (most pro coaches would say "bad") soccer habits, but where they have been leading a type of life that is very different from anything that a foreign coach or player is likely to have experienced.

This is not so much a bias against the Americans as in favour of the non-Americans. I'm not at all sure that it can be *proved* to exist, but — what is perhaps just as significant in practical terms — I do know that most of the American players I have spoken to *believe* that it exists.

The league regulations requiring all teams to field at least one American player do not help this atmosphere of misunderstanding. The regulation creates a totally artificial relationship between the coach and the American players. The coach knows that he has to include one of his Americans, regardless of whether the player is good enough or not. This in turn means that American players know that, collectively, they have considerable leverage when it comes to team selection. And for at least one non-American player on each team there is always the nagging suspicion that he may be sitting on the bench solely because his rightful place on the field is being occupied by the required American.

* * *

(New readers begin here: Dissatisfied with the stale old penalty kicks as a way of deciding games, the innovative owners of the NASL clubs have invented a new type of penalty shot. The kicker starts with the ball at the 35-yard line; at the referee's whistle he closes in on goal as the 'keeper comes out. He has 5 seconds to get off his shot. Citing more action and more excitement, the NASL owners have forged ahead with their "shoot-out." Will it work? Can these daring men change the face of soccer? Now, read on . . .)

As I write, 12 (out of 58) games have been decided by the shoot-out, with a 9-3 winning edge for the home team. Of the three occasions when the home team failed, I have seen two (both of them losses for the hapless Cosmos).

Based on what I saw at those two games, I would say that the shoot-out is even less exciting than regular penalty kicks. For these reasons: something under 50% of the kicks are successful, so that one sees the ball entering the net less frequently. And when it does go in, it rarely arrives with any force — I have yet to see the net bulging from a powerful drive.

Phil Woosnam.

Most of the attempts seem to end up in one of three ways: either the goalkeeper is right on top of the kicker to smother his shot — in which case we get neither the thrill of a hard shot, nor the excitement of an acrobatic save; or the kicker dribbles around the 'keeper and slots the ball home without any power or sense of climax! or the kicker shoots wide.

The idea that the five-second time span would allow tension to build also seems a myth — it is simply gone too quickly. At least with the conventional penalties one can expect two the the essential elements of soccer excitement: powerfully struck shots crashing past (or being saved by) diving goalkeepers. Frankly, the two shoot-outs that I have seen were a bore.

BOCA GO FOR CUP

Atlanta's Azolini (left) and Boca Juniors' Carballo fight for the ball in an Argentina Metropolitan First Division match.

ARGENTINA'S First Division and national champions, Boca Juniors, top their section of the Libertadores Cup continental club championship with the type of soccer that won them both domestic titles last season, but they are obviously placing more importance on the Cup than the league.

Coach Juan Carlos Lorenzo's idea of having two complete teams in action to face up to the fixture congestion of both tournaments at the same time and also international team calls had, in actual fact, resulted in a complete reserve squad playing two league fixtures so far. The reserves are good — they lost 1-0 and drew 1-1 — but not good enough for a club wanting to retain the title and which after nine games languishes in the middle of the table.

River Plate, in the same Libertadores Cup group as Boca Juniors, are, on the other hand, going all out to win both tournaments and have not lined up reserve teams in the league. Except for a 1-0 defeat by Boca in the Cup, this has worked out well for River Plate so far. They are the only unbeaten team in the league and top the table by two points.

They are also playing the kind of attacking soccer that won them both the First Division and national titles in 1975. International centre forward Luque is back to form after a lengthy suspension and international defender Passarella is still scoring vital goals. River Plate have been in arrears in several matches, but fought back with all out attack which few opponents could stop. Goals in the championship are coming at the high average of 3.3. per game and River Plate's own average is 3.2 per game.

The day matches were played in the absence of 18 internationals on tour in Spain, only Huracan suffered, going down 1-0 to Atlanta. But Huracan, in spite of lining up four internationals, have been erratic this season and are nearer the bottom of the table than the top. . . . Racing Club still haven't hit form in spite of expensive close season buys and they depend too much on international half Villa (the costliest).

When he has a bad game the whole team fails. . . . Newly promoted Lanus, who brought virtually a whole new team of mainly experienced veterans during the close season, have not kept up the bright start, but they have the league's top scorer in Nanni who has netted 10 of his team's 13 goals so far. . . . But the team to watch are workmanlike Velez Sarsfield with nothing but the league title to go for. They have no stars and no outstanding soccer, but it is practical and they are second — two points behind River Plate.

URUGUAY: NACIONAL UNBEATEN

Nacional top the Major League — not to be confused with the Uruguayan First Division championship which is more important and usually starts the season — after five games in which they have dropped only one point.

Yet Luis Cubilla — the former Uruguayan World Cup star who took over as coach last season after finishing his playing career as the key player in Defensor's first title win — has resigned.

He was replaced by former Argentine international defender Pedro Dellacha who, when asked what style he intended for his new team, said: "There's a tendency for teams in Argentina and Uruguay to imitate countries which are doing well and by trying to play like the Dutch, the Brazilians, etc., they come to the point when they don't play anything."

BRAZIL: BRANDAO RETURNS TO CORINTIANS

Osvaldo Brandao, who recently gave up coaching the Brazilian national team — helped by a gentle push from the powerful Rio De Janeiro clubs — has returned to Sao Paulo's Corintians, one of Brazil's most popular clubs which has not won a major title for 23 years.

But this may change now that Brandao is back as it was under him that they won their last title, the Sao Paulo league, in 1954. Brandao is reportedly getting 6,000 dollars a month to change Corintians' luck.

Meanwhile, in Bello Horizonte, Atletico Mineiro won the Minas Gerais 1976 championship by beating Libertadores Cup holders Crueiro 2-0 in a play-off which had remained pending last year when both clubs went on tours.

CHILE: PALESTINO'S CUP

Palestino won the Chilean Cup — played before the start of the league championship — by beating Union Española 4-3 in the final.

The winning goal was scored by defender Elias Figueroa who had been Chile's outstanding player in this year's World Cup qualifying games and until last year shone for Brazilian national champions, Internacional de Porto Alegre.

PERU: SPORTING CRISTAL FIGHT BACK

Modest Colegio Nacional Iquitos, comparative newcomers to the First Division who have never won a major title, continue to top section A of the zonal championship in Peru, while champions Union Huaral have taken over B section lead from Universitario.

But there may be further changes with the return of internationals (who had been engaged in World Cup qualifying) to their

News from South America by Eric Weil

Mendoza—it could snow!

MENDOZA is the most distant of Argentina's World Cup venues from Buenos Aires — 1,100 kilometres — and teams playing their preliminary group matches there may have slight altitude problems. Lying at the foot of the Andes mountain chain and near some of the highest peaks on the continent, Mendoza is already 2,000 metres above sea level. But its climate is dry and it is one of the few places in Argentina (and the South American continent) where it frequently snows in winter so that, on the whole, European teams should find themselves at home there.

Even if it does not actually snow in the city, the white capped mountain peaks make a picturesque backdrop to the landscape which makes Mendoza an all year tourist centre. Mendoza is also the centre of Argentina's vineyard and wine production — which is an added attraction to tourists.

As a World Cup venue — chosen in 1972 — it took some time to get going . . . and no wonder. Since that time there have been no less than eight provincial government ministers at the head of the Social Welfare Ministry which is in charge of the financial aspect.

Mendoza lacked a stadium of suitable standard and size although several of its clubs regularly do well in the national championships. Now a new one is being built in the picturesque San Martin park at the foot of the Andes mountains, some four kilometres from the centre of the town and it is expected to be completed by the end of the year.

The new stadium will hold 50,000 spectators, 25,000 of them seated and with 16,600 of these in a covered stand. Its car park will hold 4,500 vehicles apart from a special parking lot for officials and the press and another exclusively for taxis, buses, TV trucks, etc.

Journalists will have independent entry to the stadium, the best seats in the main stand with direct access to the players' changing rooms. A press centre has yet to be built in the centre of town for an expected 500 journalists, with telex, phones, radio photo transmission and all the usual press facilities.

Mendoza's problem, of course, is, first and foremost, communication. By road it is an all day (and night) journey from Buenos Aires, so travelling will have to be by air. Mendoza's civil airport, El Plumerillo, is not in condition to handle the extra traffic, but the Argentine air force, which has a base next to it, has taken on the job of improving its facilities. But if the worst comes to the worst, the air force base could handle any excess traffic.

Mendoza is also short of hotel space and while there are plans for increasing the capacity by 1,500 beds — which would also assist its regular tourist trade (especially for its annual wine feast) — this may not be enough. But it all depends, of course, which countries will play in Mendoza.

ELSEWHERE . . . .

BRAZIL made the best financial offer to Peru and Bolivia to play the South American final round of the World Cup qualifying tournament in Rio de Janeiro, but their rivals insisted on a neutral country. Caracas, Buenos Aires and even New York have been mentioned as possible locations and the South American Football Confederation will decide at the end of May. Meanwhile, Caracas seems to be favoured, but that town's largest stadium holds only 25,000 and it is not in condition either. The Confederation has given the Venezuelan FA 45 days to improve it.

ARGENTINA'S national team coach Luis Cesar Menotti said definitely no, he would not resign, after the team's poor showing in the Real de Madrid 75th anniversary tournament in April in which Argentina only beat Iran on penalties and then lost the final 1-0 against Real. He also said he was not going to call up new players to the squad until after the series of mid-year international matches in Buenos Aires, including games against England and Scotland.

clubs. Sporting Cristal, with six national squad men back in their line-up, are now only two points from the top in section A, but even before their return they staged one of the greatest fight backs ever. Losing 3-0 at home to Deportivo Junin with only 30 minutes to go they won by scoring five goals.

VENEZUELA: TROUBLE OVER "FOREIGNERS"

Trouble was brewing on the eve of the season over the league's announcement that naturalized players would still be considered as foreigners to comply with the ruling that clubs must line up a minimum of five home players in league games — even if these "foreigners" had already played in Venezuela's national team.

Champions Portuguesa announced that they would line up as "nationals" three players who had already played for Venezuela — Romera (Paraguayan), Moss and Echenaussi (Argentinians) — and this had brought protests from the other 10 teams. Portuguesa were even prepared to take the case to court as the league's ruling on naturalized players conflicts with that of the country which gives them every right of a Venezuelan citizen except that of holding high government posts.

The eleven teams have registered a total of 193 players with the league of which 45 per cent are foreigners — the majority from Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay and Paraguay.

Huracan's Sanabria (right) scores with a header to make it 1-1 against Colon in the Argentine Metropolitan First Division in spite of close attention from goalkeeper Luraschi (left) and Asconetani.

Inter improvement after fines threat

THE STRUGGLE for entry into next season's UEFA Cup goes on, with Inter now having a two-point advantage over Fiorentina and three over Napoli, as the former European champions hold on to third place.

After an in-and-out season, Inter's performances picked up remarkably after president Ivanoe Fraizzoli threatened to fine the players £2,000 each if they missed out on Europe next season!

The immediate result, in fact, was unbelievable, for Inter went to Napoli and won 3-0 in the Fuorigrotta! It was only Napoli's second home defeat, and was a blow to their hopes of a UEFA Cup place.

Napoli coach Bruno Pesaola said afterwards that his players had probably been thinking more about Anderlecht and the Cup-winners' Cup semi-final, but that could hardly account for such a devastating scoreline.

Though Napoli had more of the play, Inter looked the more incisive and had the game wrapped up in 48 minutes, before a startled 90,000 crowd. Giuseppe Pavone scored the first two after 11 and 23 minutes, and full back Adriano Fedele — who was later booked — made it 3-0 a few minutes after half-time.

Pietro Carmignani, Napoli's goalkeeper, complained that: "They had just three chances and took them all," but in fact Inter looked better all round.

Bonuses

Fraizzoli was similarly astonished by his team's performance. The Inter president had always been fairly free with fines and threats of fines, but this time he could see the funny side and joked: "They deserve a fine for doing this to me," he said. "Fancy playing like this away, but never at home! Still, perhaps we win away because the bonuses are higher."

In fact Inter have won five matches at home this season, and six away. Though to be fair to a much-criticised team, they have been beaten at home only once.

Seven matches in San Siro have been drawn, one of them 0-0 against Sampdoria, who, though they may well be relegated, could be losing their coach to Inter this summer. He's 40-year-old Eugenio Bersellini, who has done quite well at Samp considering the limited resources there and who brought his team to San Siro to maintain Inter's unhappy run of having gone six years without winning on Easter Sunday.

Bersellini was bombarded with questions about his possible switch to Inter, but merely stonewalled, denying there had been any contact between him and Fraizzoli. That doesn't alter the fact, however, that out-of-work Spaniard Luisito Suarez seems primed to move in at Sampdoria at the season's end.

Meanwhile, thoughts of Europe are far from the minds of anyone at AC Milan. The matches have now become incidental to the politics. The club seems to have become ungovernable, with pressure being exerted to get rid of Nereo Rocco though he's only just returned to office as coach, and Rocco himself fighting a rearguard action to quell all attempts to set up Nils Liedholm or Cesare Maldini as coach for next season.

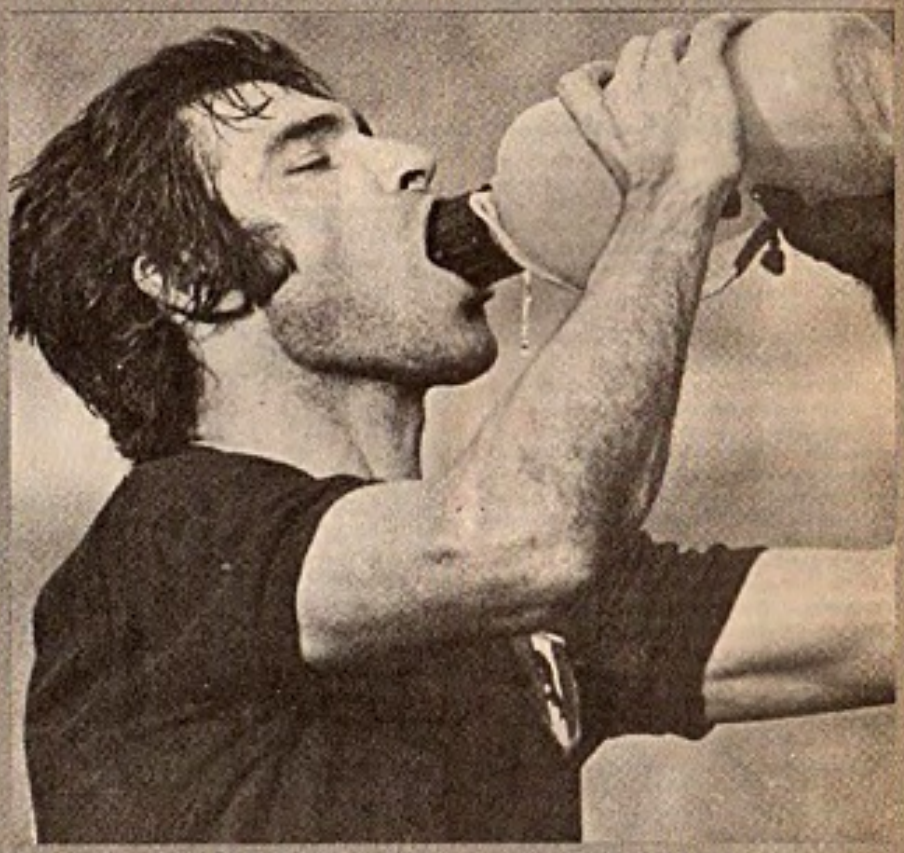
Rumours that Italo Allodi might be brought in, leaving his FIGC post at Coverciano, provoked Rocco to such vehement opposition that Allodi is now taking legal advice!

After all the fuss and bitter words it was hardly any surprise when it leaked out that Gianni Rivera — who started all this — might be willing to see the man he overthrew, Albino Buticchi, restored as president!

Meanwhile Rivera has other troubles, having been suspended for two matches after insulting a referee with ironic applause at the end of one game, and thus missing vital matches in the fight to stave off relegation.

As I write Milan are one point above Sampdoria and it's looking bleak. Relegation contenders Foggia even came to San Siro and not only held on for a 0-0 draw but would have walked off with both points had it not been for a fine display from 37-year-old Ricky Albertosi in goal.

The next week Milan threw away another golden opportunity to creep up the table: 2-0 ahead against Lazio, they let the Rome team hit back for a 2-2 draw. A 0-0 draw away to Verona kept Milan out of the bottom three, but with two of their remaining three matches away from home their troubles were by no means at an end.



Pulici of AC Turin, cooling down during a league game.

GRAZIANI IN FORM

FRANCESCO GRAZIANI returned to goal-scoring form just in time to keep the Turin giants virtually on level pegging as the championship race entered its final phase.

By the time this appears, you will presumably know the outcome, and though as I write Juventus have a one-point advantage with three games to go, Torino certainly aren't conceding their title without a desperate fight.

After the Turin derby, which finished all-square at 1-1, Torino coach Gigi Radice started to become a little agitated about Graziani's lack of goals. He'd gone six matches without scoring — and that was more than Torino could afford.

On target

Fortunately Paolino Pulici — dropped earlier in the season — was back on target though, and he scored two in the 3-1 win over relegation-threatened Catanzaro. But that just meant Graziani's blank weekends had increased to seven.

The next Sunday Torino had to go to bottom of the table Cesena. It looked an ideal opportunity for Italy's World Cup centre forward to get back among the goals, and thankfully, he took the chance with both hands, demonstrating at the same time that the fearful Graziani-Pulici partnership was at last back in business.

After just 16 minutes Pulici had a header blocked and Graziani thundered in the rebound. In the 32nd Pulici hit over a hard cross, which a Cesena defender turned into a misdirected back pass to his goalkeeper and Graziani did the rest. Then, two minutes later, Claudio Sala hit over a corner, Pulici drew the defence and left Graziani alone to head in and complete a hat-trick.

Vital game

That took him to a total of 17 goals for the season, put him on top of the goals lists, and kept Torino in the running for what proved to be a vital home game against Verona — coached by Ferruccio Valcareggi. Only one goal in it, but that goal, scored after 22 minutes by Pulici was so important, for at the same time Juventus were dropping a point in a 1-1 draw away to Perugia. Once again, the Turin rivals were level on points.

After the Turin derby Juventus had scored two victories. The first was an exciting 3-1 win away to Fiorentina, with all the action coming in the second half — Juventus scoring through young full back Antonio Cabrini, Romeo Benetti and Roberto Bettega, while Fiorentina's consolation was a late Gianfranco Casarsa penalty. Because of injury, Fiorentina were without the new Golden Boy, Giancarlo Antognoni, but that didn't stop Juve president Giampiero Boniperti asking Fiorentina to name a price.

Nothing doing, he was told. And that was the same answer Torino got when they offered reserve striker Salvatore Garritano plus £800,000 for the *Azzurri* midfielder.

Juventus were at home the next week, for a 2-1 win over Bologna, and with Torino winning the same day the situation was now they were so far ahead it was mathematically impossible for anyone to stop the *scudetto* staying in Turin.

The pressure of course, was greater on Juventus, since they still had the UEFA Cup semi-finals, then the final, to worry about. Juve haven't been able to match Torino in the art of getting vital goals, either, and while Graziani has scored 17 and Pulici 13, Juve's top scorer, Roberto Boninsegna, has just 11. Though both teams have topped 40, Torino, with Graziani and Pulici, always look the more likely to score.

At least Boninsegna however, has more than repaid his transfer value, even if at 33 he can only be a stopgap. He's certainly enjoying himself after some barren years at Inter — and has been particularly delighted to find a new friend in Romeo Benetti.

Provoked

Both joined from the rival Milan clubs at the start of the season and, of course, had not previously been expected to be much in each other's company. In fact on one occasion in a Milan derby, Benetti's sly treatment of Boninsegna provoked the centre forward to chase him the length of the pitch before anxious team-mates caught up with them!

But it was not Boninsegna, but Giuseppe Furino, the little midfield terrier who rarely gets among the goals, who scored the most important goal so far in the top of the table dual.

The weekend before Juve were to meet Athletic Bilbao in the first leg of the UEFA Cup Final, they brought their game with Napoli forward to the Saturday to aid their preparations. For 85 minutes it was stalemate, then Furino moved up to slip in the winner.

It meant that next day Torino, away to Lazio, knew they had to win to stay on terms. Instead they got the jitters, had to be satisfied with a 0-0 draw, and watch Juventus case narrowly ahead for the run-in.

Graziani of AC Turin

Bearzot prepares

THE DATE Enzo Bearzot has ringed in his calendar is June 8 — that's when Italy go to Finland for their vital World Cup qualifier.

Yet a lot of fans are wondering whether Bearzot hasn't slipped up with his preparations which mean that though he will have his players together for a week beforehand, they won't be in action against any testing opposition.

Italy's last game was the 2-1 win over Belgium a couple of months back, and since then Bearzot has been more concerned with his B team, who beat the Irish League 2-0 at Udine and have now achieved a dull 0-0 draw away to Switzerland.

The Swiss match, at Basle, gave Bearzot a chance too to meet his one-time Inter playing colleague, Roger Vonlanthen, who is the Swiss caretaker manager.

News from Italy by Keir Radnedge

Tough in England

THE English first division championship is generally reckoned to be the hardest in the world to win — well that's the opinion of most English soccer fans at any rate.

They argue — with some justification — that it is extremely difficult for individual clubs to dominate the league year in and year out.

For example, Liverpool's sixth title since the war is a record in this country but compares rather unfavourably with Real Madrid's 15 title wins in Spain and Benfica's 16 championships in Portugal.

It certainly is true that the championships of certain countries — Spain, Portugal, Scotland and Greece are good examples — are largely dominated by two or three leading clubs but this is by no means the case elsewhere in Europe.

Just take a look at West Germany. While 13 different clubs have won the English championship since the war, the German title has been won by all of 16 clubs.

Only seven German sides have won the title more than once (compared with nine in England) and until this season the record was held jointly by Bayern Munich and Borussia Moenchengladbach with four each, all of those coming in the last eight years, incidentally.

In Holland and Finland, 13 different teams can lay claim to post-war championships and 12 clubs in Norway and the Irish Republic have the same distinction.

Inconsistency is obviously not just an English phenomenon.

Incidentally, the league and cup double — often considered as "impossible" in England until Tottenham achieved in in 1961 — is even more rare in some other countries.

Double-winner

It has only been achieved once in West Germany since the war — by Bayern Munich in 1969 — and once in Italy (where, of course, the cup is admittedly not taken as seriously) by Juventus in 1960.

In the same year Valkeakosken Haka did the double in Finland, still the only time it has been done there. And it wasn't until 1971 that East Germany had a double-winner in Dynamo Dresden. The feat has still to be repeated.

At the other end of the scale, Bulgaria has seen 13 doubles since the war, eight of them won by CSKA Sofia, formerly known as CDNA.

CSKA also hold the amazing record of 19 championships since the war which includes a run of nine in a row between 1954 and 1962, a feat only equalled by Celtic in Scotland from 1966 to 1974.

Altogether 21 European clubs had won their domestic titles ten times or more before the current season and here they are:

CSKA Sofia (Bulgaria)	19
Anderlecht (Belgium)	16
Benfica (Portugal)	16
Real Madrid (Spain)	15
Olympiakos Piraus (Greece)	14
Jeunesse d'Esch (Luxembourg)	13
Rangers (Scotland)	12
Sporting Lisbon (Portugal)	12
Linfield (N. Ireland)	12
Red Star Belgrade (Yugoslavia)	11
Rapid Vienna (Austria)	11
Dynamo Tirana (Albania)	11
Floriana (Malta)	11
Malmo (Sweden)	10
Partizan Tirana (Albania)	10
Ujpest Dozsa (Hungary)	10
Celtic (Scotland)	10
Gornik Zabrze (Poland)	10
KR Reykjavik (Iceland)	10
Panathinaikos (Greece)	10
Sliema Wanderers (Malta)	10

PAUL RADFORD

Atletico Madrid players celebrate their club's victory in the Spanish Championships.

Group One	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Defensor (Uruguay)	2	1	1	0	2	0	3
Boca Juniors (Argentina)	2	1	1	0	1	0	3
River Plate (Argentina)	2	1	0	1	2	2	2
Peñarol (Uruguay)	2	0	0	2	1	4	0

Group Two: No matches played yet between Bolivar & Oriente Petrolero (Bolivia), Nacional & Deportivo Cali (Colombia)

Group Three	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Nacional (Ecuador)	3	2	1	0	4	1	5
Internacional (Brazil)	3	1	1	1	3	3	3
Dep.Cuenca (Ecuador)	3	1	1	1	2	3	3
Corintians (Brazil)	3	0	1	2	3	5	1

Group Four	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Everton (Chile)	3	2	0	1	4	3	4
Universidad de Chile	3	2	0	1	2	2	4
Libertad (Paraguay)	3	1	1	1	5	4	3
Olimpia (Paraguay)	3	0	1	2	2	4	1

Group Five	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Portuguesa (Venezuela)	1	1	0	0	2	0	2
Union Huaral (Peru)	1	1	0	0	1	0	2
Sport Boys (Peru)	1	0	0	1	0	1	0
Estudiantes (Venezuela)	1	0	0	1	0	2	0

(Winners of each group advance to semifinal groups. **Goal difference decides if clubs from different countries, otherwise a playoff.)

Nacional are the surprise team...

Marchetti (River Plate), 10, breaks through the Penarol defence in a Group One Libertadores Cup match which River Plate won 2-1.

THE surprise of the Libertadores Cup so far is that group 3 is topped by Ecuador's champions, Nacional (who traditionally field no foreign players) with five points at the halfway stage (three games) while Brazil's teams, Internacional and Corintians, only have three and one point respectively.

But the Brazilian champions, Internacional de Porto Alegre, have played all their games away and, having taken two out of four points in Ecuador, must still be considered favourites to reach the semifinals ... and Internacional perhaps have their lack of discipline to blame for not doing better.

At Cuenca they had two players sent off to the home team's one, yet they won 2-0, but Escurinho and Batista were automatically banned from the next match against Nacional in Quito. There they lost 2-0 and, apart from the altitude problem, had two more men sent off in the process (Escalante and Jair).

While Argentine teams have held the Libertadores Cup most times, winning 10 out of 17 tournaments, it is curious that the country's most successful and most popular clubs, Boca Juniors and River Plate, have never held it. One or the other should win group 1 which, with the participation of Uruguay's Peñarol and Defensor, looks the toughest.

Champions Boca Juniors started off with a 1-0 victory over their arch rivals, but the goal, which may yet prove vital, came from a Mbuzo penalty only in the last minute and River Plate were with 10 men for most of the match. Defender Passarella was unlucky to be sent off for a foul after 16 minutes. On top of that the match was marred by rain and a muddy field, little good soccer was played and the result was not conclusive, although Boca were slightly the better.

While River Plate then played poorly to beat an unbelievably bad Peñarol 2-1, Defensor and Boca jointly went to the top after their 0-0 draw in Montevideo. Both teams use the same strong defence and counter attack system and effectively stopped each other. It was agony for the fans. Yet players of River Plate and Defensor are feuding with club officials for higher Cup bonus payments and their disenchantment could yet decide this close group in favour of Boca Juniors who are also placing more emphasis on the Cup than their domestic league competition.

Peñarol have played in all but one of the previous 17 tournaments, winning three, but they are practically out of it this year after losing their two opening games.

The Venezuelan champions, Portuguesa, may be more of a force to be reckoned with this year. Their team, which includes a lot of foreigners, has been strengthened by another — former Brazilian World Cup star Jairzinho. But only two games, with the two Venezuelan and two Peruvian teams facing each other, have been played so far.

The closest affair may yet be group 4 in which the Chilean teams, Everton and Universidad de Chile, lead with four points after having met both their Paraguayan rivals, Libertad (3 pts) and Olimpia (1), at home so the return games should balance things out.

On top of that, Libertad hardly deserved to lose 1-0 to Universidad and then they beat Chile's champions, Everton, in front of their own supporters. Showing speed and good ball play, Libertad deserved to win. On the other hand, Everton hardly deserved to beat Olimpia 1-0 with a goal two minutes from the end, so that on the whole Paraguay's representatives looked better all along.

● BRAZIL have scheduled seven internationals all in one month — June. They play England on the 8th, West Germany on the 12th, Romania or Czechoslovakia on the 16th and Poland on the 19th, all at Rio's Maracana stadium. Then they have games scheduled against Scotland on the 22nd, Yugoslavia on the 26th and France on the 29th at Sao Paulo's Morumbi stadium.

South American Club Championship—Libertadores Cup

REPORT FROM ERIC WEIL

Results, teams, scorers...page 48

Laurie Cunningham of West Bromwich Albion.

Nasty age we live in

WHEN Laurie Cunningham played a splendid, early game for West Bromwich Albion at Old Trafford, he was, predictably I supposed, spitefully jeered by the louts of the Stretford End. It was less predictable that when Johnny Miller, the mulatto forward of Mansfield Town, played at the Goldstone Ground against Brighton, he should be mocked with ape-cries by the fans.

What a nasty age we live in, and how perfectly it is expounded by our football crowds! At the risk of sounding sclerotically middle-aged, how utterly nauseated I now am with the obscene chants from the terraces. "You're going to get your effing head kicked in." "Who the f.... are you?" "s..t, s..t, s..t!" Never a grain of originality, no inventiveness, no true exuberance, merely a mindless, repetitive litany of threatened violence. We are all well enough aware by now of the "causes" of such disaffection, which comes hideously to the boil on occasions like the Norwich-Manchester United game last March. The Revenge of the D Stream, I have called it, in a supposedly affluent society; though there may be deeper reasons for the brutalising of what Marx would have called the *lumpen proletariat*.

Thirty years ago, I remember standing on the terraces at Arsenal, Chelsea, Spurs, Portsmouth, Charlton, Fulham, sometimes in crowds of over 60,000. The only time I ever saw a blow struck was, weirdly enough, in the scantily populated stand at Tottenham in June, 1947 during, of all things, a Football Combination Cup Final between the reserve teams of Arsenal and Swansea Town!

In Liverpool, they are even lamenting the deterioration of the Kop, those vigorously idiosyncratic fans of a decade or so ago having now, in middle age, moved into the stands, to be replaced, in large measure, by the familiar young tearaways.

In these complaints, I do claim a large measure of objectivity. For whatever reasons, things *have* changed, on the football terraces, with their clan-gang warfare, their often cruel, almost psychopathic, indifference to pain or the proprieties. It is now *de rigeur* to cheer when an opponent is hurt, to jeer anybody else's national anthem, to exult in the misfortunes of the other side. Football these days holds up a horrid mirror to society.

THE die is by no means cast in England's World Cup group. All may well turn on what happens imminently in Helsinki when Italy play the Finns. How ironic that Bearzot would like, if he could, to play a zonal defence, where Revie has been toying with a kind of catenaccio!

Bearzot is alarmed by the tremendous, traditional stamina of the Finns, and is afraid that his Italian markers may be run off their feet. He would, he told me, gladly play zonally, were the Italian Championship only geared to producing such defenders. As we know, however, they all mark man to man; with certain brief exceptions at Lazio, under Vinicio, and at Milan, when Marchioro was in charge.

June is not a good time of year for Italian national teams, any more than it tends to be for British teams. For Italy, the situation is exacerbated by the facts, first that their players don't possess the stamina of the British, secondly that this season's Championship has been a tremendous race between the two Turin clubs, Torino and Juventus, who between them provide the bulk of the national team.

Thirdly, there's the far from negligible consideration that Italy have not done well in recent years against the Finns; held to an embarrassing draw in Rome, winning thanks only to a penalty by Giorgio Chinaglia in Helsinki in the last Nations Cup. Given the colossal pressure always put on Italian teams by their own Press and the expectations of their fans, I do not think Italy will go into the game with any deep feelings of confidence.

ONE of the best possible advertisements for American football was, ironically, Giorgio Chinaglia's goal some weeks ago in Rome for the New York Cosmos against his old club, Lazio. Cosmos won, 2-1, and although the Lazio players were clearly saving themselves for the derby game with Rome, three days later, the Cosmos performance was nonetheless a thoroughly creditable and accomplished one.

Chinaglia's goal was rather more than that; a superb individual burst through the Lazio defence, including his old friend, the notorious Giuseppe Wilson, finishing with a clever shot past the goalkeeper, Pulici. Then he ran to the crowd behind the goal, fist up, just as in the days when he scored such goals for Lazio; and received the same kind of reception. Indeed, the ire of the crowd was reserved for the unfortunate President, Umberto Lenzini, who was so bitterly jeered that he had to leave his place in the stands.

Chinaglia said afterwards that it has been unfair to blame Lenzini; that it was after all he himself who insisted on leaving Lazio, to go to the States.

When Chinaglia arrived on a sleeper train at Rome Station, there were extraordinary scenes; a somewhat chilling paradigm of the chaotic situation in Italy at large. Hundreds of Lazio fans were there ecstatically to greet him, one of them even holding up a child in front of Chinaglia's face as he made his slow way through the throng. The cult of personality indeed; a spectacle, whatever its warmth, depressing to the more objective. There is something ultimately sick and pitifully immature about such frenzied hero worship. "*Duce, duce, duce!*"

Is Total Football enough?

WHAT price modernity? Liverpool's extraordinary run in Europe this season, the fine victory of Wales over the Czechs, suggests that like patriotism, Total Football is not enough.

This is not to say that I have had a sudden change of heart, have repented my belief in Total Football and its creative implications, have decided that all Britain should Learn to Play the Liverpool Way. Simply that it intrigues me to see how the best and most fluid of tactics are of little avail if their practitioners are not up to snuff.

Thus, if you are thoroughly modern Saint Etienne and you come to Liverpool with a goalkeeper who throws in a goal in the first few minutes, or a Czech team whose goalkeeper gives away a goal almost as bad, you have little hope of success.

Liverpool's methods are conservative, their midfield may lack flair, but they have in such forwards as Keegan, Heighway, Fairclough, Toshack players capable, as the Italians say, of "inventing the game", making goals out of nothing. Such teams with such players — and with such high morale and stamina — will be surpassed by more modern sides only when those sides and their players are operating at their best.

The BRIAN GLANVILLE column

Franz Beckenbauer, now of the New York Cosmos.

A reported three million dollars — a million or so less than Pelé received — have taken Franz Beckenbauer to the New York Cosmos. The shock waves have been considerable; and they have lapped considerably farther than West Germany.

Given the limitless financial possibilities of American sport, the proclaimed desire of American soccer to concentrate on winning wealthy spectators rather than creating players, its consequent parasitic relationship to the game at large, the threat is large and evident.

As if it were not evident enough, one has only to recall the somewhat tactless words last year of Phil Woosnam, Commissioner of the NASL, once a West Ham, Wales, Orient and Villa inside-forward, when he looked forward to the day, not so far ahead, when all the best players in the world would be playing in America.

I thought then and think still that this was a deplorable ambition, one which indicated an essentially parasitic approach to the game. It suggested that the United States, alone of all football playing countries, would fail to develop its own players. True, there are many countries which import talent from abroad. Spain is full of Argentinian stars. Mexico imports large quantities of Brazilians. By and large, however, native footballers are in the vast preponderance.

My colleague Paul Gardner has pointed out succinctly enough in these columns that there are reasons (if not good reasons) for this. Readers will also, perhaps, recall my own view that not until the NASL go into the black "ghettoes" to propagate the game will they start seriously to create players of their own.

Clive Toye, President of Cosmos, once a football writer for the *Daily Express*, is perfectly aware of this, perfectly aware that until such a day arrives and the hordes of the inner cities are "turned on", native American football will remain a flavourless, physical affair, a rather poor parody of the game in England.

Meanwhile, no country in the world can match the salaries paid to American sporting stars. Even Johan Cruyff's £400,000 a year — which he will get again for next season with Barcelona — is nothing exceptional. Footballers cannot be blamed for wanting to feather their nests, and there is the somewhat alarming example of American ice hockey, still after all these years played almost wholly by Canadians — to look upon with dismay.

At present, the NASL remains a curiously half baked, lop-sided affair. The level of play is about that of the Third Division, even if many of its players have operated, in their younger days, at a much higher level. Such footballers as Giorgio Chinaglia, who left Rome for New York because his Jersey born wife wanted to live in America, and now Beckenbauer are merely exceptions who prove the rule, towering peaks among the shallow foothills. The NASL at this stage runs the risk of being categorised as the League where great players to go die.

There cannot be much satisfaction for them to play at such a poor level, even if Pelé seems to have convinced himself that he has been fulfilling some kind of a well' heeled mission; one, however, which, as we know, stops short at the borders of Harlem.

I could quite imagine Cruyff going to play in the States after next season. He would still be a superb player — Pelé had already retired — and what fun, to be frank, can there be playing in Spain, with every defender out to kick him, every referee so ready to book him?

SPEAKING of referees, Italy's Michelotti found himself visited with condign punishment for the use of a word; or a neologism: *chiarugismo;* one which had already cost its author a sanction.

That author was Paolo Sollier, the ex-Perugia, present Rimini, centre-forward, of ultra-left leanings, whose autobiography I recently referred to in these pages. Chiarugi, as you will perhaps know, is the Naples winger, formerly with Milan and Fiorentina, whose penchant for falling, Marsh-like, in and around the penalty box, with spectacular show, has gained his teams many a free kick, and a good share of penalty kicks.

Hence the coining of *chiarugismo;* the attempt of a player to gain a free kick or spot kick for a non existent foul. Michelotti let the word fall from his lips heedlessly, thinking that he was speaking to a group of journalists off the record. It transpired that he was not; hence the fine. All rather a silly storm in a teacup, you might say.

Storm over nothing

A somewhat more turbulent storm blew up over the refereeing of Bob Matthewson in the Anderlecht v Naples second leg semi-final of the Cupwinners' Cup, in Brussels. Italian newspapers alleged, well before the game, that Matthewson had been seen dining with the directors of Anderlecht in a Brussels restaurant. Since no concrete evidence was brought forward and since Matthewson himself can prove that he had not been out of England this year before the occasion of the game itself, Naples' protests to UEFA were bound to be a mere academic exercise.

An Italian editor sent me a message, suggesting I investigate the affair with the same zeal I have shown over the Lobo-Solti business. Foolish of him. I have done some investigating and, far from incriminating Matthewson (who may well, for all I know, have given a couple of wrong decisions, in good faith, in Brussels) it suggested the boot might well have been on the other foot.

Since I do not wish to detect or divert my attention from the Solti Affair – where by the time you read this I hope that UEFA will at last if reluctantly have taken some action – I shall confine myself to saying that Naples were strangely keen to invite a certain, English-speaking Italian agent to Brussels. No doubt their motives were as pure as the driven snow. Fortunately the reputation of that Italian agent is the same. He did not, thank goodness, go. I've enough to investigate.

News from Switzerland by ARTHUR ROTMIL

UNDER-21 TEAM WIN

CONSOLATION for the national manager was provided by the "Under-21-team", who beat a strong Scottish team in a European Championship tie by 2-0 at Bern. And by the "B-team", who defeated the full national side of Luxembourg by 3-0 in Sion. There is some hope on the horizon in the shape of a few promising youngsters.

The demise of Zürich was at least compensated for by the staggering 900,000 Francs (£225,000) gross receipts from their home leg with Liverpool. This figure includes of course the television fee for a live transmission, which amounted to £37,500. The overall takings are all the more incredible since the actual crowd at the small Letzigrund stadium was just 30,000! The Zurich club made an estimated net profit of nearly £200,000!

Adequate

On the field of play there was little to cheer. At least three Zürich players were not fully fit for the first leg with Liverpool, but manager Rimo Konietzka just did not have adequate reserves to pitch into a European Cup semi-final. In addition, Zürich's leading scorer Cucinotta was absent because of suspension incurred after two bookings in previous rounds.

But even a full strength Swiss team would have had little chance against the professionalism of in-form Liverpool, who deservedly reached the final. Good news for the Swiss champions was announced by the club's president Edi Naegeli. The international forward Daniel Jeandupeux may be returning from France where he starred for Girondins Bordeaux, to rejoin his old club. This 28-year-old holder of 34 caps, should, as a full professional, considerably strengthen the ranks of Zürich who are in any case in urgent need of rebuilding.

The SFV-Cup was won by Young Boys of Berne thanks to a 1-0 score line against St. Gallen. Before a crowd of 30,000 at the Wankdorf stadium in Berne (Young Boys' home ground!), the Dane Jan Andersen (32) hit the only goal in the 76th minute. Thus the "Boys" took the trophy for the first time since 1958.

The new championship formula got off to a fine start. It will be recalled that after 12 clubs in the First Division played against each other, the top six went forward to a play-off pool for the title, whilst the bottom six played-off against relegation. All clubs took with them half the points total, with uneven figures rounded off upwards!

League leaders Servette were beaten in their first match by Young Boys (2-1), but remain favourites together with Zürich and Basel.

Hangover after Zurich failure

SWISS football has been suffering from an outsize hangover induced by some lamentable failures of the national team and by the sorry showing of champions FC Zürich against Liverpool in the European Cup.

In three successive matches the national side could not score a single goal against good, but hardly world class opposition, whilst at club level too, the gulf between the Swiss part timers and the full professionals was cruelly exposed in Zürich's games with the English champions (1-3, 0-3).

The advent of a new national manager, the former international forward Roger Vonlanthen, has not had an immediate effect, but he should be given time and all the facilities he needs to rebuild a side whose recent record has really hit rock bottom.

While the 0-1 away defeat to Portugal could be rated as "not a disaster" and the 0-0 with an Italian B-team as a defensive stalemate, there can be little excuse for the crushing 0-4 home defeat by France. In the last 22 years and in four matches the Swiss had not lost to the French. Now they suffered a humiliating set back — their heaviest home defeat for nearly 14 years! Since in fact England won by 8-1 in Basel . . .

The Swiss, so often criticised for their cautious approach, tried to play attacking football, but were severely punished for the lack of method and organisation in defence. But the chief reason for the continued series of bad results is the oldest one in football: The Swiss lack goal scoring forwards; they have not found any strikers capable of converting even the simplest of chances in international matches.

Foreign scorers

STATISTICS show that in the Swiss League every third goal is scored by a foreign player! As for the champions Zürich, 55 per cent of their goals have come from foreign-born strikers.

Yet, in the championship Hansjörg "Joko" Pfister (Servette) hit four goals in a match against FC Sion. But, alas, Pfister is banned from the national team together incidentally with Zürich's captain Kobi Kuhn, for breaking the curfew in the national squad's headquarters before the World Cup qualifying tie in Norway . . . Their "crime": Just a late glass of beer in their hotel room . . . Now there are strong moves afoot to have this talented striker reprieved.

FC Zürich's Italian born forward Franco Cucinotta also got four goals on the same day against Bellinzona. And the former Tottenham star Martin Chivers at last fulfilled some of his promise by also hitting four in Servette's 5-3 win over St. Gallen.

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Action from the 1977 European Cup Winner Final between Anderlecht and Hamburg SV, won 2-0 by Hamburg.

HAAN UNCERTAIN

by Peter Bills

WILL Arie Haan, co-director of the Dutch magic at the 1974 World Cup, be picked to go to Argentina if Holland qualify? It's a question that intrigues most of Belgium and embarrasses most of Holland. For Haan, one of the major driving forces behind Anderlecht's European Cup Winners success last season and this, is in the bad books of the Dutch selectors for comments he's made over the years.

Haan played a major part in first putting Dutch football on the European map with Ajax of Amsterdam and then taking the national side to the 1974 World Final in Munich. But since then, as Holland's '78 World campaign has gathered momentum, Haan has been missing.

He didn't make the side to play at Wembley. And, perhaps more significantly, he wasn't in the side that beat Belgium in the World Cup qualifier in Antwerp in March.

Haan, himself, is uncertain as to his international future. "I'd like to play some more for my country," he says. "That is obvious. But whether they will play me; I don't know," he shrugs. "Maybe they don't like it that I always say what I feel."

Haan is convinced Dutch hopes rest entirely on the decision Johann Cruyff will make in the next year on his availability for Argentina. "I don't know whether Johann will go," he says. "At the moment he says no but with Johann he could change his mind a week before the tournament and play. It will depend on whether he plays or whether he has to be away for all those weeks before the tournament.

"Johann misses his family and he doesn't want to leave them for six weeks. But if he can find some way round that, then perhaps."

Without Cruyff, says Haan, Holland will be "no good". And he says: "How do you replace the best player in the world? It is really as simple as that. With him, they could do well although I do not think Holland will win the World Cup.

"The key to 1978 was in the final four placings in West Germany. Only one South American side finished in the first four in Germany and it will be the other way round in Argentina. Conditions are so different it is almost impossible for a European country to win out there.

"Holland's style of play makes Cruyff's presence in the Dutch side a necessity. Holland build up so slowly in attack they need Cruyff's ability to make sudden space and find a gap in the defence to get a goal. Cruyff can create something from nothing and that is important against a side that has had time to bring everyone back into defence."

Haan says it's impossible to gauge how far Dutch football will fall — internationally — without Cruyff. "It's impossible to answer that," he says. "At the moment, they play some fantastic football. Every player is running, every player is available and every player has great skill — it is fantastic. But Holland always needs a general like Cruyff and without him, they may not be the same whoever comes in.

"They have played well with Cruyff and also badly with him. What happens if he doesn't play in Argentina is impossible to tell.

"But one thing is certain. Dutch football needs its team to go to Argentina and do well. Crowds and support are not improving in Holland and it is the same with everything — a country needs a success to create interest and improve support."

Haan, meanwhile, helped Anderlecht to the brink of retaining the Cup Winners Cup. But Anderlecht won't land the League title or the Cup Winners now — Roger Davies' 'ClubBruges' had that sewn up by Easter.

Haan believes two of the younger sect of the Anderlecht side will lead a revival of Belgian international future. Francois Van Der Elst and Ludo Coeck, both 21, have matured enormously during Anderlecht's Euro-run in the last two seasons.

"Van Der Elst has it within him to become a great player," says Haan. "Few can match his ability to play midfield in normal fashion and then suddenly run 50 yards to score a goal. He has scored more than 20 goals this season for us and is the leading scorer in Belgium. That is fantastic.

"He is very fast from midfield to the centre-forward position and that is his secret weapon. I've never seen a player move from midfield with so much success.

"Coeck, also 21, has a fantastic shot and is a very strong tackler. He was in the side that won the Cup Winners Cup during his first year in our side. That was good experience and he has learned quickly. His shooting is his strength — sometimes he can surprise goalkeepers from 40 yards. It is a rare gift."

GREENWOOD—FOR ENGLAND

Don Revie — the current England team manager.

LET ME make it clear that although I am a more or less regular visitor to the press box at Wembley when England play foreign opposition, I have never been to see England . . . not since 1953. Before that I went to see both teams in international games but since England took their present course based on physical and moral qualities rather than skill, I seldom go to see home internationals and when I do go to Wembley it is because I have to write reports on the games for a variety of papers and magazines.

I used to go out of interest, for love of the game. Now I regard watching England as a chore, unless of course they are playing someone good . . . like Holland. Then I go to see the visitors.

In my view, anyone, unlike the gentlemen in the press box who, like me, have to go as their job, does go to see England needs his head examined or at best does not appreciate good football.

If more than 90,000 of a capacity Wembley crowd fall into this latter category of not being able to appreciate good football one can hardly blame them for in Britain during the last 20 years they have rarely had the chance to see any, save on the rare occasions when foreign teams have been screened on British *Boxes* or as happens very rarely, a real team . . . like Holland again, comes to play against England.

How does one explain the colour yellow to a man who has been blind from birth? How can one explain what real football is like to those who have never seen it?

But there are opportunities to see real football and come to appreciate it if you can remember for more than a few days. I recall last June, after the European championship final stages in Yugoslavia had been shown on British TV how my acquaintances reacted. Even my barber, who is not at all a football follower admitted that he had been fascinated.

Earlier still there was the chance in 1974 to see Holland in action on TV and they (in patches) played real football. Earlier still, though having been there myself and not even knowing what games were screened I cannot be sure how it looked on the box, there was the real McCoy played in the 1970 series in Mexico. Unfortunately, just as there is the occasional really good team who comes to play in Britain, there are also a lot of bad teams. Distinguishing between the two is not easy for people brought up on English football, and this applies particularly to those not old enough to have seen at an age when they were able to appreciate everything he had to offer, who did not have the chance to see Alfredo Di Stefano in his prime.

To give you some idea what Di Stefano was like, most English people will probably agree that the most naturally gifted player in England at the moment is West Ham's Trevor Brooking. Judging by press reports and the views of my friends, Brooking has that new thing invented by the British press — flair. Di Stefano made Brooking look like a young apprentice.

I am not, as you can gather, a Don Revie devotee. Neither was I an Alf Ramsey man, not even at the peak of England's achievements for I heartily opposed the manner in which England played under him.

Revie and Ramsey however have one thing in common, highlighted for me by a quote from Mick Channon after England had beaten Wales 1-0 at Cardiff and the press, to their credit, refused to applaud England. "We cannot win," complained Channon, "even when we win matches the critics are not satisfied".

Statesman

Now that itself is an improvement because not many years ago, the press were enthusing over a lot of rubbish played around 1966, but most of the elder statesmen in Fleet Street have learned a bit better since then.

I was however interested in what I understand Don Revie said after Holland had shown England the way home recently at Wembley. Apparently he said something to the effect that we (English football generally that is) must go abroad more, watching training sessions and matches to see how the top teams of the world are doing things.

I know that Dave Sexton has become a follower of the Dutch school and also an admirer of Borussia Monchengladbach. All credit to him. But I wonder how many other English managers or coaches would understand what they were looking at even if they went abroad and saw Borussia training for a month or even six months.

Two conversations spring to mind here, one with the manager of a Third Division team that took place in 1954, another with Bela Guttmann when he was boss of Benfica.

In 1954, after seeing the greatest game I have ever seen, the World Cup semi final between Uruguay and Hungary, less than an hour later I was in conversation with this man in charge of a Division III side. He told me I had a lot to learn about football — that Andrade the Uruguayan right back wouldn't live in English football.

That proved beyond doubt that the man was as thick as a goalpost and I didn't even stop to say goodbye. I just left him to stew in

A personal view by Eric Batty

his ignorance. The Guttmann conversation cropped up one day in London when we were talking football generally . . . not things like is the Arsenal centre forward better than Chelsea's or were Manchester United unlucky to lose yesterday but real football.

By this I mean the techniques of the game. "We can talk for a long time," Bela Guttmann finally said after about four hours, "but the best thing you can do is come and watch me work in training for two weeks. If you come I will show you everything, but I cannot show it to you with my eyes."

Now what that meant was that if you don't understand what the game is about then you will not appreciate the subtleties of his training methods. The fact is that you have to understand the game before you can realise what the top coaches are after when they work.

Training

Of course I must admit that I have been very lucky. Being a journalist gave me a pass into the training grounds of all the best continental coaches in the last 25 years. More than that, it also gave me the chance to talk to them after training sessions and games and ask piercing questions through which I gradually came to understand what it was all about.

Again I was very lucky to have been befriended years ago by Ron Greenwood who is without doubt, the best coach England has had since the war . . . and bearing in mind that real English coaching was only born after the war, that means the best coach of all time.

To give you some idea of the depth of Greenwood's thinking, I often discussed with the players I coached, and the friends I had who were interested in the game . . . what is a good pass. Define it.

Delivered

After a little thought we all came up with the same sort of thing . . . one that is played to a man in such a way that he can use the ball to advantage. That implies that he must have support so that he can play the ball off . . . and of course it has to be delivered in such a way that the man receiving the ball can screen it from his opponents easily.

All this was some years ago, and more or less we all agreed that was about it. Then in general conversation with Ron I happened to remember the question and asked him.

"One that's playable first time", he said. That hits the nail right on the head .

Ron Greenwood in my opinion is the only man capable of lifting England out of the doldrums because whatever the results he achieved with West Ham, in their years of success and in their lean spells, he never ceased to preach the gospel of continental football.

Ron Greenwood — the right man for the job of England manager?

With Ron it has always been them and us, and he has always made it plain that 'they' were approaching things in the right way, while we were not.

I remember when West Ham beat Lausanne in the European Cup Winners Cup years ago, Karl Rappan who was at that time the Lausanne boss said after his team had been eliminated . . . 'West Ham cheated. They did not play English football'. It has to be appreciated that there are two ways of playing football. There is the British way . . . which I call fight-ball, and there is the way that the rest of the world *tries* to play with varying degrees of success.

Now plenty of English club managers could be successful in the England job if England only played Scotland, Eire, Northern Ireland and Wales. But happily England play many other countries and that calls for special qualities. I have read that General Montgomery used to keep a photo of Field Marshall Rommel in the caravan he used as an office. Why? Because he used to study the photo and try to put himself in the German's boots, trying to figure out what he would do next.

What it comes down to is this: you must know your enemy inside out. You must be able to think in the way that he thinks in order to anticipate his every move. You MUST be the same kind of animal.

Ron Greenwood is the only man I know who is qualified for the England job. He alone can find the talent and mould it to compete with the best of the foreigners on equal terms.

Many of soccer's top stars will be hanging up their boots this year

KEIR RADNEDGE REPORTS

WORLD FOOTBALL will never be quite the same again after this season is over. Usually one era moves on into another without anyone really noticing, but this time it's different, for when did so many top players take it into their heads before to retire inside one period of 12 months?

The retirements began at the start of the season, when Real Madrid's veteran skipper Amancio Amaro decided to quit, and, to mark the occasion, Madrid staged a testimonial match against Penarol.

Amancio first burst upon European soccer in 1963-64, as outside right in Real's run to the European Cup Final, though in fact he joined them during the 1962 World Cup from Coruna.

He made Spain's 40, but not the final squad. Still, signing for Madrid — who now employ him as a youth coach — was fine consolation. Amancio's hallmark was fine close control and a good shot — he once scored a Champions' Cup hat-trick against Dukla Prague — and he was acclaimed one of Europe's top players after his 1964 triumphs, both with Madrid and with Spain's European Nations Cup-winning team.

Amancio wasn't such a shining light in the 1966 World Cup, but he went on to total 43 appearances for Spain before calling it a day. Sadly the latter years of his career were marred by serious injuries and his last first-team match couldn't have ended more unfortunately — with Welsh referee Clive Thomas sending him off in the dying minutes of Real's Champions' Cup semi-final defeat last year at the hands of Bayern Munich.

It was an undignified exit, but possibly he had already gone on too long, though even at 37 Miljan Miljanic rated him the top player in Europe because of his experience and technical mastery.

It's in Italy, however, that the biggest changeover is taking place, with Sandro Mazzola, Gianni Rivera, Luigi Riva and Tarcisio Burgnich all stepping down. The era of the "Mexicans" — the 1970 World Cup Finalists — is definitely on the way out with the decisions these four have made.

Still, until I finally see Milan without Rivera, and Mazzola missing from Inter's line-up next season I won't be finally sure these two great rivals have turned their back on the pitch.

Rivera has twice retired already — both times last season — but was persuaded to play on, and could always be persuaded again if he could get Milan running in a sensible way.

He will nevertheless always be remembered as the golden boy, who cost Milan £65,000 for a half-share in his transfer at 16 in 1961, and was the club's pillar for more than 15 years.

Rivera's brilliant scheming was at its zenith in the early sixties, when Milan won the 1963 Champions' Cup, beating Benfica 2-1 at Wembley. It was then that he still seemed to be enjoying his football. The responsibility rested more on the shoulders of Dino Sani in midfield and Jose Altafini up front, and Rivera was called up "only" to provide the icing on the cake.

Different player

When Milan came back into Europe to win the Cup-winners' Cup in 1968 and the Champions' Cup again in 1969, we saw a different player — a more considered, more thoughtful and somehow less vivacious player. Now he was captain and it all rested on his shoulders. It was to him that Kurt Hamrin and Pierino Prati looked for the chances, it was to him that the ageing Giovanni Trapattoni and Karl-Heinz Schnellinger looked as they played the ball out of defence.

The greater the responsibilities the more scraps Rivera got into. Several times he was suspended for clashing with referees, and his outspoken criticisms of the Azzurri management very nearly earned him a trip home from Mexico before the 1970 campaign even got under way.

Rivera played, in the infamous staffetta with Mazzola — one substituting for the other halfway through each game. What might the Italians have achieved over the years if these two one-time friends could have forgotten the individual standards of their rival clubs and sunk their differences in Italy's cause? But Italian football isn't made that way and so they each continued ploughing lonely furrows as Milan and Inter started to slip.

Rivera, always the more controversial, turned Milan over in the revolution of 18 months' ago which overthrew president Albino Buticchi and coach Gustavo Giagnoni. So far the results have been chaotic.

Oddly, on the pitch Rivera has still been magic and the fans still adore him; but his greatest test is yet to come — can he sort out the Milan political crisis and put the club back on the path to success?

Rivera, of course, is not the only player 'going upstairs.' Mazzola is too, but in a more settled environment where he will continue to be employee rather than employer.

Mazzola was a cult figure of equal magnitude to Rivera, but for different reasons. Mazzola was going to be a star from the moment he first played in a league game, in a 7-1 defeat by Juventus, when Inter fielded their youth team in protest at a decision to replay a game stopped by crowd trouble.

It was in 1962-63, as Rivera's Milan were on their way to the Champions' Cup, that Mazzola burst through to become a first team regular with an Inter on their way to a championship triumph which opened the road to two European title successes.

Mazzola still remembers one of his early lessons from the man who governed his early career, Helenio Herrera.

"It was in a practice game," Mazzola said recently. "I was in the reserves playing against the senior team, and I went right through them

RETIRE

— past Corso, Suarez, Burgnich, Picchi, and then the goalkeeper. I thought I was great. But after the game Herrera called me over and said: 'What are you trying to do? Do you think these great players will ever take to you as a team-mate after you've made them look so stupid and slow? Just take it easy. Hard work will get you where you want to go, not showing off.'"

Mazzola had a built-in disadvantage. He was the son of Valentino Mazzola, the captain of the great Torino team killed in the 1949 Superga air crash. Always he had been expected to be a similarly great player, to emulate his father.

But Mazzola never let that pressure show. Unlike Rivera he took it all calmly, including the bad publicity which inevitably follows when there is a clash of personalities with another player or a trainer.

Mazzola never let himself be put off and the result was 70 international matches, the majority of which saw Mazzola as probably Italy's best player.

He was still clearly in a class of his own in the ill-fated 1974 campaign in West Germany, when only he and Dino Zoff kept the Italians in with a chance of a second round place until the 2-1 defeat by Poland.

But Mazzola had long been a famous name — right from that 1964 Champions' Cup final in Vienna when he hit two of the three goals which sunk Madrid. The third, killing goal, was a beautiful example of opportunism.

Inter had cleared the ball aimlessly out of defence and with time running out Madrid stopper Jose Santamaria decided to risk an overhead kick back upfield. At any other time he would have put the ball into touch. But time was not on Madrid's side. They were 2-1 down, and Santamaria took the risk.

It wasn't until too late, when he was committed, that he realised Mazzola was at his shoulder. The ball thudded off Mazzola's chest and ran ahead of him into Madrid territory. He ran on, outpaced Santamaria, cut into the penalty box and flipped the ball wide of goalkeeper Jose Vicente and in off the far post.

Mazzola had become an international hero overnight. At that time he was a forward and national team boss Edmondo Fabbri even tried

Bobby Moore (left) receives a porcelain figure presented by George Cohen (centre) and Don Revie on behalf of Fulham prior to Moore's final home appearance for the club.

REMENTS . . .

him at centre forward, without consistent success. Mazzola preferred the freedom of a wandering role and then, when Luis Suarez was released by Inter to go over the hill at Sampdoria, Mazzola moved back into midfield.

The class remained — and remains — evident, but by now Mazzola no longer had the legs to do all the running required of a midfielder in the modern game, and such were the jealousies at Inter at one time that there were a number of players not interested in doing the donkey work for him. Nevertheless he remains in a class of his own and attempts will be made to persuade him, too, to put off the inevitable decision to another year. Mazzola says he has made up his mind, however.

At least he has been fortunate in that he could make the decision to quit: Long-time Azzurri team-mate Luigi Riva has had the decision made for him. After fighting back from two broken legs to ensure his reputation as one of Italy's greatest goalscorers, injury has forced the Cagliari star to say he won't be trying any more comebacks.

The Riva story is an incredible one. He joined Cagliari in the second division in 1963 and virtually single-handed took them, with his goals, to the Italian championship in 1970. Certainly, Cagliari could then afford to put some useful players around him, but basically their success was all one man's work.

Sadly, just as Cagliari went into the Champions' Cup Riva suffered one of his two leg breaks, and without him Cagliari were soon eliminated. Not only that, but after more injury trouble in 1975-76, when Riva played only 15 games, Cagliari were relegated. Now, the fans say, Cagliari are finished. With no Riva the spirit has gone, the interest has gone.

At his best Riva was worth an incalculable amount. Juventus offered £1 million several years before the Cruyff deal which shook soccer, but Cagliari president Andrea Arrica turned them down. Certainly Cagliari paid Riva like a king, but he liked Sardinia too and preferred being a king there to becoming a prince among other princes, as he feared, at the court of one of the traditional giants.

When Riva made his announcement recently, he was going through mere formalities. It had been clear for virtually 18 months that his career was over. At 32 he had taken so much stick, so many kicks and blows, that even his powerful frame could stand no more.

That is the price of success in Calcio. You have to be tough to last — which is perhaps the dominant quality which has served Tarcisio Burgnich through a 19-year career.

Burgnich, born near Udine, spent several years wandering from Udinese to Juventus and Palermo without making a great impression — except on Helenio Herrera.

It was *Il Mago* who saw qualities in Burgnich no-one else perceived, and Herrera took him to Inter, made him part of the watertight defensive unit which scaled the European and World Club peaks and later still was able to convert him into a rock-like sweeper, from which position Burgnich helped a new Inter back to the Champions' Cup Final — and defeat by Ajax — in 1972. Later Burgnich had his problems at the club, but he found a new lease of life at Napoli, learning how to organise a defence playing the offside trap, and staying around this season to help out with his vast European experience in keeping Napoli's defence firmly locked against invaders.

The Italians have a history of throwing up full-back pairings: First Rosetta and Caligaris; then Foni and Ravaz; in the sixties Burgnich and Facchetti. Who'll be next?

Burgnich accepted retirement as inevitable. But the same can't be said for West Germany's Wolfgang Overath, at 33 now one of the most outstanding and most underrated midfielders since the last war.

Overath has always been a Köln player, joining them before the *Bundesliga*, and playing a record number of games in the West German first division. And it's as a Köln player that he bows out, though not in the happiest of ways. Overath's relations with coach Hennes Weisweiler have not served Köln well this season.

Weisweiler wanted to see more action out of Overath, who retired from international soccer after the 1974 World Cup career pinnacle. Overath replied that his style had been good enough for Köln for 13 years and good enough to help win a World Cup. What more could Weisweiler ask?

● *Continued on page 49*

News from North America
by COLIN JOSE

THE LOS ANGELES AZTECS, playing without George Best, are one of three undefeated teams in the North American Soccer League after three weeks of action. The Aztecs led by Steve David the league's leading goalscorer in 1975 have scored 11 goals in their three games and David has five of them.

Across on the other side of the continent it is the surprising Fort Lauderdale Strikers, topping the Eastern Division who are also undefeated including a 4-3 win over the league champions Toronto Metros-Croatia, while the Dallas Tornado playing in the same division as the Aztecs are also undefeated but their performance may well be the strongest for they have beaten both Tampa Bay and the New York Cosmos amongst the league's stronger teams.

Early indications are that the races in three of the four divisions will be closely fought affairs, the exception being the Northern Division where the Toronto Metros-Croatia are already showing signs that they will once again be contenders for the title.

Toronto opened their schedule by defeating the always difficult Washington Diplomats 2-0 in Washington before dropping that 4-3 game to Fort Lauderdale but only after one of the new NASL "shootouts". They followed this by defeating the Chicago Sting 1-0 in Chicago.

Bounced back

With five away games before their first home game Toronto have a most difficult start to the season, but so far only St Louis of the teams in the same division are showing any likelihood of catching them, three of the other teams Connecticut, Rochester and Chicago are winless after two starts.

With Ron Newman's Fort Lauderdale Strikers leading the way in the Eastern Division an intriguing battle is shaping up for close behind them are the Tampa Bay Rowdies and the Cosmos. Tampa dropped their opening game to Dallas while the Cosmos lost to another new club the Las Vegas Quicksilver.

Both clubs bounced back the following week with Tampa whipping Chicago 4-0 on goals by Adrian Alston and Derek Smethurst who got two apiece. New York did much the same despite playing with a team weakened by injuries and the flu bug. Chinaglia and Pele scored here to give the team a win over the Rochester Lancers. But the following week the Cosmos went down again this time losing in a shootout against Dallas.

Coach Gordon Bradley cannot be too happy with the way the season has started for the league's glamour club for if they are to win the championship they must show more consistency. In the vital field of attendance figures the Cosmos opened with a crowd of 26,752 and despite winning this figure mysteriously dropped to 13,527 for their second game.

Superb job

Tampa Bay did themselves a favour in their third game by beating the Washington Diplomats 1-0 in Washington and despite the fine start by the Strikers may well be the team to beat here. A crowd of 33,484 showed up for the Tampa game against Chicago, indicating once again the superb job being done by this club in selling the game in what was once a totally non soccer area.

Over in the always strong Western Division the surprise is the poor showing in the early going by the Seattle Sounders. So far the Sounders have lost all three games played, the first 1-0 to Hawaii in a "shootout", then a 1-0 home defeat before 26,423 to the Minnesota Kicks in overtime and then a 2-0 defeat at the hands of the San Jose Earthquakes a team that had failed to score a goal in their first two outings.

Leading this division are the Vancouver Whitecaps who opened the season by losing at home to the Portland Timbers, the following week they beat San Jose 2-0 and then scored a 1-0 win over Minnesota. Scoring the vital goal in the latter game was Tony Funnell who is on Southampton's books, the goal coming two minutes from time. Still indications are that this division will go right down to the wire with no team being written off until the final weeks.

Down south where Los Angeles have made such an impressive start including a 6-0 win over Team Hawaii in Honolulu, the race shapes up as a contest between the Aztecs and the Dallas Tornado.

Las Vegas currently in third place opened by playing the Cosmos at home and attracted 11,896 to their first game to see Pele and Eusebio once again on opposite sides. Eusebio was injured early on but the Quicksilver won on a goal from Victor Arbelaez.

Team Hawaii, who have played four games now to three for all of the other teams with the exception of the Cosmos, won their first game against Seattle, lost to the Cosmos and then to Los Angeles before beating Las Vegas 1-0 on a goal by Jose Diamantino. Neither team looks likely to challenge the other two currently at the top.

Surprisingly at the bottom here are the San Jose Earthquakes who are still drawing capacity crowds of close to 18,000 to small Spartan Stadium. However, the main challenge to the top two could yet come from the Earthquakes despite failing to score against Los Angeles and Vancouver.

It is of course early days yet to make predictions on the field but in the stands the NASL looks to be in for another good year all round in terms of attendance with season ticket sales up 44 per cent over last year. The San Jose Earthquakes have sold 14,202 season tickets for a stadium that actually seats 17,579, while the Minnesota Kicks have sold over 10,000.

In other NASL news the league has announced the awarding of a franchise to Denver, Colorado for the 1978 season. Denver had a team in the league in 1974 and 1975 but they failed to make an impression and the franchise was shifted to Minnesota with positive results. The new team will be known as the Denver Caribous.

Los Angeles Aztecs are undefeated

George Chinaglia (9) playing for Team America against England in New York last May.

Improved soccer in South Pacific

AS hosts of the Oceania qualifying matches between Australia and Taiwan, Fiji provided some surprises of its own. Unlucky not to do better than draw 2-2 against Taiwan in Suva, Fiji demonstrated how far Pacific islands soccer has progressed with a 1-0 victory over the Australian side in Ba. Fortunately for the Socceroos, success against New Zealand and Taiwan diminished the humiliation of this defeat at the hands of a nation that had only managed fourth place in the South Pacific Games in Guam.

Fiji's prestigious win was timely in that arrangements have recently been made to set up a national league for the island, the championship to be contested by eight districts including the capital, Suva.

AUSSIES THROUGH

AUSTRALIA duly won the Oceania World Cup qualifying group, but not without anxious moments in their games against New Zealand and Taiwan.

Though winning easily by 3-0 in the first of two matches against Taiwan in Fiji, the Socceroos were shaken in the second game when Taiwan striker Fang netted in the 28th minute. Goals by Kosmina and Abonyi eventually saved the day.

Against New Zealand in Sydney the Socceroos again found themselves a goal down. However, in an inspired recovery the telling passes of fullback Williams and forward Abonyi produced two goals for Ollerton and one for Kosmina.

LEAGUE TABLES

● *Continued on page 48*

EAST GERMANY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Dynamo Dresden	25	15	6	4	64	26	36
Magdeburg	25	14	5	6	46	27	33
Berlin Dynamo	25	14	4	7	42	25	32
Carl Zeiss Jena	25	13	5	7	44	31	31
Lok. Leipzig	25	10	9	6	40	28	29
Chemie Halle	25	7	10	8	32	33	24
Rot-Weiss Erfurt	25	8	8	9	26	34	24
Karl-Marx-Stadt	25	10	2	13	35	37	22
Wismut Aue	25	6	9	10	26	44	21
Sachsen Zwickau	25	6	8	11	26	32	20
Union Berlin	25	7	6	12	29	41	20
Stahl Riesa	25	8	4	13	28	47	20
Ver Frankfurt	25	8	3	14	21	36	19
Hansa Rostock	25	6	7	12	23	41	19

ENGLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Liverpool	42	23	11	8	62	33	57
Man City	42	21	14	7	60	34	56
Ipswich	42	22	8	12	66	39	52
A. Villa	42	22	7	13	76	50	51
Newcastle	42	18	13	11	64	49	49
Man United	42	18	11	13	71	62	47
West Brom	42	16	13	13	62	56	45
Arsenal	42	16	11	15	64	59	43
Everton	42	14	14	14	62	64	42
Leeds	42	15	12	15	48	51	42
Leicester	42	12	18	12	47	60	42
Middlesbro	42	14	13	15	40	45	41
Birmingham	42	13	12	17	63	61	38
Q.P.R.	42	13	12	17	47	52	38
Derby	42	9	19	14	50	55	37
Norwich	42	14	9	19	47	64	37
West Ham	42	11	14	17	46	65	36
Bristol C.	42	11	13	18	38	48	35
Coventry	42	10	15	17	48	59	35
Sunderland	42	11	12	19	46	54	34
Stoke	42	10	14	18	28	51	34
Tottenham	42	12	9	21	48	72	33

Hope for Bologna

BOLOGNA improved their chances of avoiding the drop with a surprise 2-0 win at Genoa, which provided a double celebration for full back Franco Cresci, who was playing his 250th game.

The goals came from young Stefano Chiodi, after just one and then 84 minutes, and there was even a minor celebration when Bologna were beaten 2-1 by Juventus. Their goal came from 36-year-old Brazilian Sergei Clerici, and was his 100th in *Serie A*.

Clerici came to Italy, to Lecco, in 1960, playing mainly in *Serie B*, then having spells with Bologna, Atalanta, Verona, Fiorentina and Napoli before returning to Bologna nearly two years ago in the world record £1.2 million deal which took Beppe Savoldi into the shadow of Vesuvius.

With Cesena all but down and Catanzaro several points adrift, it's between Sampdoria, Milan, Bologna and perhaps Foggia for the third relegation place. Goal difference could decide — for the third time in six years. In 1971 Foggia were the unlucky victims, in 1973 Atalanta and last year Ascoli.

Coming up from *Serie B* it looks like Monza, Lanerossi Vicenza and Atalanta or Pescara.

TROUBLE for Alberto Michelotti, the top Italian referee who could be on the FIFA panel in Argentina next summer. He was banned for a month after making some uncomplimentary remarks about Napoli's Luciano Chiarugi and Verona's Gianfronco Zigoni at a soccer talk-in.

Michelotti, 47 in July, has been refereeing since he was 30 after injury forced him to give up playing (He had been a goalkeeper, though one game for Parma in *Serie B* was the highest level he reached).

Michelotti's remarks provoked such angry response that Napoli president Corrado Ferlaino was banned for a month, Chiarugi fined £4,600 and Zigoni £2,600 for bringing soccer into disrepute with their unpleasant replies!

GOOD NEWS for Napoli is that despite rumours that coach Bruno Pesaola would return to Bologna this summer, he has now signed to continue for another season at Fuorigrotta. Also staying put are Luis Vinicio (Lazio) and, so he says, Nils Liedholm (Roma), who has been on the wanted list of both Real Madrid and Milan.

THE FIGC have decided that the ban on foreigners will remain, but they are considering increasing the size of *Serie A* back from 16 to 18 clubs in 1978-79, just over 10 years since the original switch. Also possible is a reform in the complicated piecemeal Cup competition.

COSENZA have been suspended from soccer for 18 months after referee Giuliano Sancini and his linesmen were attacked in their dressing rooms by angry fans who effectively put an end to Cosenza's 3-0 home defeat by Paganese in *Serie C* after just 68 minutes. Cosenza face more trouble from their players, who are demanding that their contracts be paid up if the club decide to quit the league.

FIORENTINA'S Mitropa Cup challenge disintegrated finally in a 4-2 defeat in Yugoslavia by Vojvodina Novisad, for whom Ivica Vuckovic scored a hat-trick, after Casarsa had put the Italians ahead. The last match mattered so little that Fiorentina fielded half a dozen young reserves against Vasas Budapest in Florence . . . yet won 2-1!

ARG

ASIA				OCEANIA
Winners of Groups I to IV to be known by 31.3.77				Winner to be known by 31.7.77
Group I	Group II	Group III	Group IV	
Hong Kong Indonesia Malaysia Thailand Singapore Sri Lanka	Israel Japan Rep. Korea	Iran Saudi Arabia Syria	Bahrain Kuwait Qatar	Australia New Zealand Taiwan
1 winner	1 winner	1 winner	1 winner	Winner Oceania
		1,4 to 31.7.77 Winner ASIA	1.8 to 30.11.77	
			Qualified for Argentina	

ASIA/OCEANIA
Australia 3, New Zealand 1
Taiwan 0, Australia 3
Australia 2, Taiwan 1
N. Zealand 6, Taiwan 0
N. Zealand 1, Australia 1
Taiwan 0, N. Zealand 6

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Australia	4	3	1	0	9	3	7
New Zealand	4	2	1	1	14	4	5
Taiwan	4	0	0	4	1	17	0

Group 1
Singapore 2, Thailand 0
Indonesia 1, Hong Kong 4
Malaysia 6, Thailand 4
Singapore 2, Hong Kong 2
Indonesia 0, Malaysia 0
Hong Kong 2, Thailand 1
Singapore 1, Malaysia 0
Thailand 3, Indonesia 2
Hong Kong 1, Malaysia 1
Singapore 4, Indonesia 0
Play-off
Singapore 0, Hong Kong 1

Group 2
27. 2.77 Israel 0, Korea Rep. 0
6. 3.77 Israel 2, Japan 0
13. 3.77 Japan 0, Israel 2
20. 3.77 Korea Rep. 3, Israel 1
26. 3.77 Japan 0, Korea Rep. 0
3. 4.77 Korea Rep. 1, Japan 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Korea Rep.	4	2	2	0	4	1	6
Israel	4	2	1	1	5	3	5
Japan	4	0	1	3	0	5	1

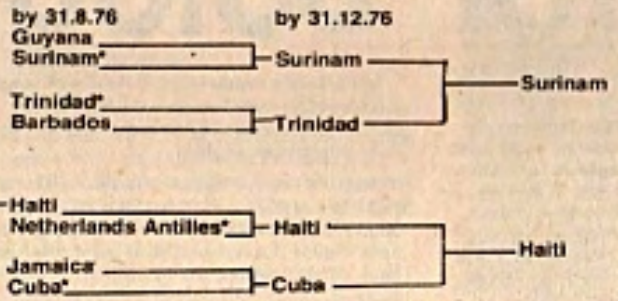
Group 3
12.11.76 Saudi Arabia 2, Syria 0
26.11.76 Syria 2, Saudi Arabia 1
7. 1.77 Saudi Arabia 0, Iran 3
28. 1.77 Syria 0, Iran 1
22. 4.77 Iran v Saudi Arabia
29. 4.77 Iran 2, Syria 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Iran	3	3	0	0	6	0	6
Saudi Arabia	3	1	0	2	3	5	2
Syria	4	1	0	3	2	6	2

Group 4
Bahrain 0, Kuwait 2
Bahrain 0, Qatar 2
Qatar 0, Kuwait 2
Bahrain 1, Kuwait 2
Qatar 0, Bahrain 3
Qatar 1, Kuwait 4
(all matches played in Qatar)

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Kuwait	4	4	0	0	10	2	8
Qatar	4	1	0	3	3	9	2
Bahrain	4	1	0	3	4	6	2

CONCACAF
Caribbean Area:



Caribbean Area
2. 4.76 Dom. Republic 0, Haiti 3
17. 4.76 Haiti 3, Dom. Republic 0
4. 7.76 Guyana 2, Surinam 0
31. 7.76 N. Antilles 1, Haiti 2
14. 8.76 Haiti 7, N. Antilles 0
15. 8.76 Barbados 2, Trinidad/Tobago 1
15. 8.76 Jamaica 1, Cuba 3
29. 8.76 Cuba 2, Jamaica 0
29. 8.76 Surinam 3, Guana 0
31. 8.76 Trinidad/Tobago 1, Barbados 0
14. 9.76 Trinidad/Tobago 3, Barbados 1 (3rd match in Barbados)
14.11.76 Surinam 1, Trinidad/Tobago 1
28.11.76 Trinidad/Tobago 2, Surinam 2
18.12.76 Surinam 3, Trinidad/Tobago 2
28.11.76 Cuba 1, Haiti 1
11.12.76 Haiti 1, Cuba 1
Play-off Haiti 2, Cuba 0

EUROPE

Group 1
23. 5.76 Cyprus 1, Denmark 5
16.10.76 Portugal 0, Poland 2
27.10.76 Denmark 5, Cyprus 0
31.10.76 Poland 5, Cyprus 0
17.11.76 Portugal 1, Denmark 0
5.12.76 Cyprus 1, Portugal 2
1. 5.77 Denmark 1, Poland 2
15. 5.77 Cyprus 1, Poland 3
21. 9.77 Poland v Denmark
29.10.77 Poland v Portugal
16.11.77 Portugal v Cyprus

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Poland	4	4	0	0	12	2	8
Denmark	4	2	0	2	11	4	4
Portugal	3	2	0	1	3	3	4
Cyprus	5	0	0	5	3	20	0

Group 2
13. 6.76 Finland 1, England 4
22. 9.76 Finland 7, Luxembourg 1
13.10.76 England 2, Finland 1
16.10.76 Luxembourg 1, Italy 4
17.11.76 Italy 2, England 0
30. 3.77 England 5, Luxembourg 0
26. 5.77 Luxembourg v Finland
8. 6.77 Finland v Italy
12.10.77 Luxembourg v England
15.10.77 Italy v Finland
16.11.77 England v Italy
3.12.77 Italy v Luxembourg

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
England	4	3	0	1	11	4	6
Italy	2	2	0	0	6	1	4
Finland	3	1	0	2	9	7	2
Luxembourg	3	0	0	3	2	16	0

Group 3
31.10.76 Turkey 4, Malta 0
17.11.76 German DR 1, Turkey 1
5.12.76 Malta 0, Austria 1
2. 4.77 Malta 0, German DR 1
17. 4.77 Austria 1, Turkey 0
30. 4.77 Austria 9, Malta 0
24. 9.77 Austria v German DR
12.10.77 German DR v Austria
29.10.77 German DR v Malta
30.10.77 Turkey v Austria
16.11.77 Turkey v German DR
27.11.77 Malta v Turkey

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Austria	3	3	0	0	11	0	6
Germany DR	2	1	1	0	2	1	3
Turkey	3	1	1	1	5	2	3
Malta	4	0	0	4	0	15	0

Group 4
5. 9.76 Iceland 0, Belgium 1
8. 9.76 Iceland 0, Netherlands 1
13.10.76 Netherlands 2, Northern Ireland 2
10.11.76 Belgium 2, Northern Ireland 0
26. 3.77 Belgium 0, Netherlands 2
11. 6.77 Iceland v Northern Ireland
31. 8.77 Netherlands v Iceland
4. 9.77 Belgium v Iceland
21. 9.77 Northern Ireland v Netherlands
26.10.77 Netherlands v Belgium
16.11.77 Northern Ireland v Belgium

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Holland	3	2	1	0	5	2	5
Belgium	3	2	0	1	3	2	4
N. Ireland	2	0	1	0	2	4	1
Iceland	2	0	0	2	0	2	0

Group 5
9.10.76 Bulgaria 2, France 2
17.11.76 France 2, Eire 0
30. 3.77 Eire 1, France 0
1. 6.77 Bulgaria v Eire
12.10.77 Eire v Bulgaria
16.11.77 France v Bulgaria

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
France	3	1	1	1	4	3	3
Eire	3	1	0	1	1	2	2
Bulgaria	1	0	1	0	2	2	1

Group 6
16. 6.76 Sweden 2, Norway 0
8. 9.76 Norway 1, Switzerland 0
9.10.76 Switzerland 1, Sweden 2
8. 6.77 Sweden v Switzerland
7. 9.77 Norway v Sweden
30.10.77 Switzerland v Norway

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Sweden	2	2	0	0	4	1	4
Norway	2	1	0	1	1	2	2
Switzerland	2	0	0	2	1	3	0

Group 7
13.10.77 Czechoslovakia 2, Scotland 0
17.11.76 Scotland 1, Wales 0
30. 3.77 Wales 3, Czechoslovakia 0
21. 9.77 Scotland v Czechoslovakia
12.10.77 Wales v Scotland
16.11.77 Czechoslovakia v Wales

ENTINA '78

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Wales	2	1	0	1	3	1	2
Czechoslovakia	2	1	0	1	2	3	2
Scotland	2	1	0	1	1	2	2

Group 8
10.10.76 Spain 1, Yugoslavia 0
6. 4.77 Rumania 1, Spain 0
8. 5.77 Yugoslavia 0, Rumania 2
6.10.77 Spain v Rumania
3.11.77 Rumania v Yugoslavia
30.11.77 Yugoslavia v Spain

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Rumania	2	2	0	0	3	0	4
Spain	2	1	0	1	1	1	2
Yugoslavia	2	0	0	2	0	3	0

Group 9
9.10.76 Greece 1, Hungary 1
24. 4.77 USSR 2, Greece 0
30. 4.77 Hungary 2, USSR 1
10. 5.77 Greece 1, USSR 0
18. 5.77 USSR v Hungary
25. 5.77 Hungary v Greece

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Hungary	3	1	1	0	3	2	3
Greece	3	1	1	1	2	3	3
USSR	3	1	0	2	3	3	2

CONCACAF
(extra preliminary matches)
Northern Area
24. 9.76 Canada 1, USA 1
3.10.76 USA 0, Mexico 0
10.10.76 Canada 1, Mexico 0
15.10.76 Mexico 3, USA 0
20.10.76 USA 2, Canada 0
27.10.76 Mexico 0, Canada 0

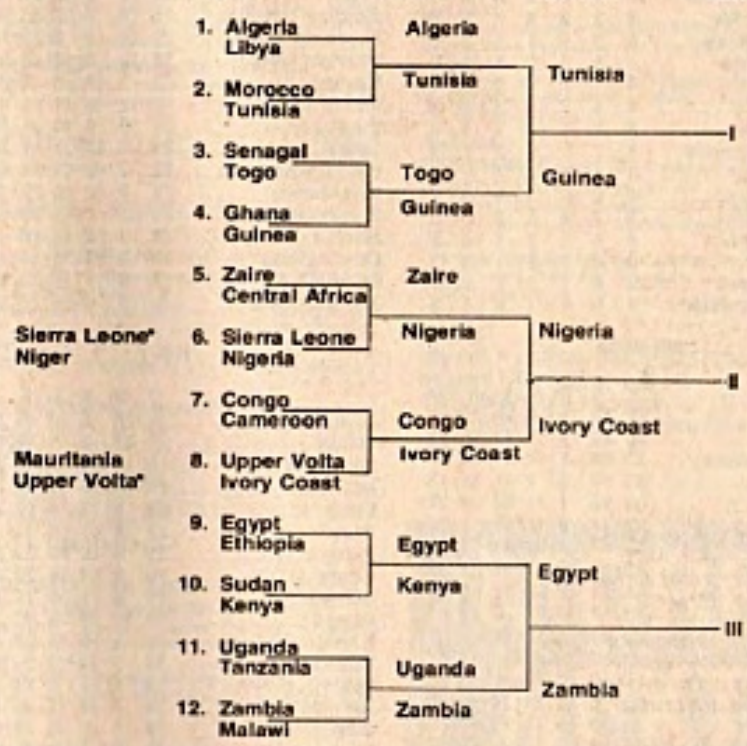
	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Mexico	4	1	2	1	3	1	4
Canada	4	1	2	1	2	3	4
USA	4	1	2	1	3	4	4

Central Area
4. 4.76 Panama 3, Costa Rica 2
2. 5.76 Panama 1, El Salvador 1
11. 7.76 Costa Rica 3, Panama 0
1. 8.76 El Salvador 4, Panama 1
17. 9.76 Panama 2, Guatemala 4
26. 9.76 Guatemala 7, Panama 0
1.12.76 El Salvador 1, Costa Rica 1
5.12.76 Costa Rica 0, Guatemala 0
8.12.76 Guatemala 3, El Salvador 1
12.12.76 Guatemala 1, Costa Rica 1
17.12.76 Costa Rica 1, El Salvador 1
19.12.76 El Savador 2, Guatemala 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Guatemala	6	3	2	1	15	6	8
El Salvador	6	2	3	1	10	7	7
Costa Rica	6	1	4	1	8	6	6
Panama	6	1	1	4	7	21	3

AFRICA
Extra Preliminary Round
7. 3.76 Sierra Leone 5, Niger 1
21. 3.76 Niger 2, Sierra Leone 1
13. 3.76 Upper Volta 1, Mauritania 1
28. 3.76 Mauritania 0, Upper Volta 2

First Round
1. 4.76 Algeria 1, Libya 0
16. 4.76 Libya 0, Algeria 0
9. 5.76 Zambia 4, Malawi 0
30. 5.76 Malawi 0, Zambia 1
4. 9.76 Upper Volta 1, Ivory Coast 1
25. 9.76 Ivory Coast 2, Upper Volta 0
31.10.76 Senegal 1, Togo 1
17.10.76 Togo 1, Senegal 0
10.10.76 Ghana 2, Guinea 1
16.10.76 Sierra Leone 0, Nigeria 0
30.10.76 Nigeria 6, Sierra Leone 2



(Tanzania, Sudan, Central Africa and Zaire withdrew)

17.10.76 Congo 2, Cameroon 2
31.10.76 Cameroon 0, Congo 2
Guinea 2, Ghana 1
29.10.76 Egypt 3, Ethiopia 0
14.11.76 Ethiopia 1, Egypt 2
12.12.76 Morocco 1, Tunisia 1
9. 1.77 Tunisia 1, Morocco 1
16. 1.77 Ghana 0, Guinea 2
(play-off)

Second Round
Tunisia 2, Algeria 0
Algeria 1, Tunisia 1
Togo 0, Guinea 2
Guinea 2, Togo 1
Congo 2, Ivory Coast 3
Ivory Coast 3, Congo 1
Kenya 0, Egypt 0
Egypt 1, Kenya 0
Uganda 1, Zambia 0
Zambia 2, Uganda 1

5. 6.77 Guinea v Tunisia
19. 6.77 Tunisia v Guinea
Ivory Coast v Nigeria
Nigeria v Ivory Coast
15. 7.77 Egypt v Zambia
31. 7.77 Zambia v Egypt

SOUTH AMERICA
Group 1
20. 2.77 Colombia 0, Brazil 0
24. 2.77 Colombia 0, Paraguay 1
6. 3.77 Paraguay 1, Colombia 1
9. 3.77 Brazil 6, Colombia 0
13. 3.77 Paraguay 0, Brazil 1
17/20. 3.77 Brazil 1, Paraguay 1

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Brazil	4	2	2	0	8	1	6
Paraguay	4	1	2	1	3	3	4
Colombia	4	0	2	2	1	8	2

Group 2
9. 2.77 Venezuela 1, Uruguay 1
27. 2.77 Bolivia 1, Uruguay 0
6. 3.77 Venezuela 1, Bolivia 3
13. 3.77 Bolivia 2, Venezuela 0
17. 3.77 Uruguay 2, Venezuela 0
27. 3.77 Uruguay 2, Bolivia 2

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Bolivia	4	3	1	0	8	3	7
Uruguay	4	1	2	1	5	4	4
Venezuela	4	0	1	3	2	8	1

Group 3
20. 2.77 Ecuador 1, Peru 1
27. 2.77 Ecuador 0, Chile 1
6. 3.77 Chile 1, Peru 1
12. 3.77 Peru 4, Ecuador 0
20. 3.77 Chile 3, Ecuador 0
26. 3.77 Peru 2, Chile 0

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Peru	4	2	2	0	8	2	6
Chile	4	2	1	1	5	3	5
Ecuador	4	0	1	3	1	9	1

LEAGUE TABLES

RUSSIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Dynamo Moscow	4	2	2	0	6	0	6
Schachtior Donezk	4	2	2	0	3	0	6
Kairat Alma Ata	4	2	2	0	4	2	6
Torpedo Moscow	4	3	0	1	3	2	6
Dynamo Tbilisi	4	1	3	0	5	3	5
Dynamo Kiev	3	1	2	0	6	2	4
Neftschi Baku	3	1	2	0	4	3	4
Loko Moscow	4	1	2	1	1	1	4
Dnjepr Dnjepropetr.	4	2	0	2	2	5	4
Ararat Erevan	3	1	1	1	4	5	3
Zenit Leningrad	4	0	3	1	5	6	3
Tscherz Odessa	3	1	0	2	2	3	2
Karpaty Lvov	4	0	2	2	2	4	2
Sarja Voros	4	0	2	2	1	3	2
CSKA Moscow	4	0	2	2	2	7	2
Krilija Kuybyschev	4	0	1	3	4	8	1

BELGIUM

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
FC Bruges	32	22	6	5	66	28	50
Anderlecht	33	20	6	7	72	36	46
RWD Molenbeek	33	18	8	7	61	35	44
Standard	33	17	9	7	47	26	43
Lokeren	33	15	7	11	53	39	37
Lierse SK	33	14	6	13	45	44	34
Waregem	33	14	6	13	46	39	34
CS Bruges	33	12	10	11	56	51	34
Beerschot	33	11	12	10	57	50	34
Antwerp	33	12	9	12	40	48	33
Winterslag	33	12	8	13	43	42	32
Beveren-Waas	33	11	9	13	34	40	31
Kortrijk	33	10	10	13	39	46	30
Beringen	33	8	9	16	39	56	25
SC Charleroi	33	8	9	16	27	46	25
FC Leige	33	9	5	19	35	76	23
Oostende	33	6	8	19	39	68	20
Mechelen	33	6	7	20	36	65	19

AUSTRIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
SSW Innsbruk	30	18	9	3	47	18	45
Rapid	30	14	11	5	51	31	39
Austria/WAC	30	16	7	7	59	38	39
Admira/Wacker	30	10	9	11	37	43	29
Vienna	30	8	12	10	30	33	28
VOeEST Linz	30	7	12	11	35	39	26
Linzer ASK	30	8	10	12	39	45	26
Grazer AK	30	8	10	12	30	44	26
Sturm Graz	30	8	8	14	36	48	24
A. Salzburg	30	7	4	19	27	52	18

HOLLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Ajax Amsterdam	34	23	6	5	65	26	52
PSV Eindhoven	34	20	7	7	64	31	47
AZ'67 Alkmaar	34	19	8	7	74	28	46
Feyenoord	34	16	12	6	65	35	44
Roda JC	34	17	8	9	53	34	42
Utrecht	34	16	6	12	59	66	38
Sparta Rotterdam	34	12	13	9	53	47	37
NAC Breda	34	11	12	11	41	42	34
Twente Enschede	34	12	9	13	52	40	33
Den Haag	34	9	13	12	48	41	31
GAE Deventer	34	10	11	13	43	63	31
Haarlem	34	11	7	16	35	47	29
VVV Venlo	34	8	11	15	37	60	27
Telstar Velsen	34	7	12	15	35	57	26
NEC Nijmegen	34	6	13	15	41	53	25
Amsterdam	34	7	11	16	41	58	25
EEV Eindhoven	34	6	12	16	28	63	24
De Graafschap	34	5	11	18	29	61	21

PORTUGAL

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Benfica	28	21	5	2	62	23	47
Porto	28	17	5	6	67	22	39
Sporting Lissabon	28	16	7	5	55	26	39
Academico Coimbra	28	13	6	9	28	24	32
Boavista Porto	28	12	7	9	40	33	31
Varzim	28	9	11	8	35	35	29
Vitoria Setubal	28	12	5	11	43	44	29
Braga	28	10	8	10	35	34	28
Estoril	28	6	13	9	25	32	25
Vitoria Guimaraes	28	9	6	13	34	32	24
Belenenses	28	6	12	10	27	34	24
Portimonense	28	7	8	13	29	43	22
Montijo	28	7	8	13	26	42	22
Leixoes Porto	28	3	15	10	14	29	21
Beira-Mar	28	6	9	13	30	55	21
Atletico Lissabon	28	3	9	16	22	64	15

ITALY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Juventus	29	22	5	2	48	20	49
Torino	29	20	8	1	46	13	48
Fiorentina	29	11	11	7	36	31	33
Inter	29	10	12	7	33	26	32
Lazio	29	9	11	9	32	27	29
Napoli	29	9	11	9	37	36	29
Perugia	29	9	10	10	31	27	28
Genoa	29	8	11	10	39	40	27
Bologna	29	8	11	10	24	30	27
Foggia	29	10	6	13	32	37	26
Roma	29	8	10	11	26	33	26
Verona	29	6	14	9	24	31	26
Milan	29	4	17	8	28	33	25
Sampdoria	29	6	12	11	28	40	24
Catanzaro	29	7	7	15	25	41	21
Cesena	29	3	8	18	22	46	14

SPAIN

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Atletico Madrid	33	19	8	6	60	30	46
Barcelona	33	17	9	7	66	33	43
Athletic Bilbao	33	14	8	11	53	45	36
Real Betis	32	15	5	12	41	39	35
Las Palmas	32	14	6	12	53	49	34
Real Madrid	33	12	10	11	56	51	34
Valencia	32	12	9	11	49	44	33
Español	32	13	7	12	58	59	33
Seville	32	11	11	10	31	37	33
Real Sociedad	32	12	8	12	52	38	32
Salamanca	32	13	6	13	30	31	32
Elche	33	11	10	12	44	46	32
Hercules Alicante	32	11	9	12	34	37	31
Burgos	33	13	4	16	44	50	30
Racing Santander	33	11	7	15	40	62	29
Celta Vigo	32	9	10	13	22	39	28
Real Zaragoza	32	9	9	14	40	50	27
Malaga	33	5	6	22	25	59	16

WEST GERMANY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Bor. M'gladbach	33	17	9	7	56	32	43
Schalke 04	33	16	9	8	73	50	41
E. Braun'weig	33	14	13	6	50	38	41
E. Frankfurt	33	16	8	9	84	56	40
Cologne	33	16	6	11	80	61	38
Bayern	33	14	8	11	72	63	36
Hamburger SV	33	13	10	10	62	55	36
Bor. Dortmund	33	12	10	11	71	60	34
MSV Duisburg	33	11	12	10	59	49	34
Hertha BSC	33	13	7	13	54	53	33
Werder Bremen	33	13	7	13	51	56	33
Fort. Düsseldorf	33	11	9	13	51	52	31
Kaiserslautern	33	12	5	16	51	55	29
VfL Bochum	33	11	7	15	46	57	29
Saarbrücken	33	9	10	14	42	54	28
Karlsruher SC	33	8	10	15	51	74	26
Rot-Weiss Essen	33	7	8	18	49	97	22
TB Berlin	33	5	10	18	43	83	20

FRANCE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Nantes	33	22	6	5	71	36	50
Bastia	33	18	6	9	73	48	42
Lens	33	16	9	8	64	50	41
Nice	33	18	4	11	53	44	40
Lyon	32	15	8	9	48	41	38
Nancy	33	15	8	10	66	47	38
St-Etienne	33	14	10	9	43	29	38
Metz	32	14	8	10	50	39	36
Paris St-Germain	32	13	6	13	53	50	32
Bordeaux	33	13	6	14	59	52	32
Marseille	33	13	6	14	43	57	32
Sochaux	33	11	9	13	46	52	31
Reims	32	10	10	12	43	50	30
Troyes	32	12	5	15	36	49	29
Laval	33	10	9	14	37	50	29
Valenciennes	33	9	10	14	40	47	28
Nimes	32	9	9	14	34	46	27
Angers	33	8	10	15	40	55	26
Lille	33	6	7	20	34	57	19
Rennes	33	4	8	21	32	66	16

ARGENTINA: Metropolitan First Division

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
River Plate	9	7	2	0	29	14	16
Velez Sarsfield	9	6	2	1	19	13	14
Estud de La Plata	9	4	4	1	22	16	12
Quilmes	9	4	4	1	16	9	12
Atlanta	9	5	2	2	14	11	12
Banfield	9	4	3	2	15	10	11
Newell's Old Boys	8	4	2	2	12	11	10
Boca Juniors	9	4	2	3	15	11	10
Lanus	9	4	2	3	13	11	10
Rosario Central	8	3	3	2	17	8	9
Colon Santa Fe	8	2	5	1	12	11	9
San Lorenzo	9	2	5	2	8	10	9
Independiente	8	2	4	2	18	14	8
Huracan	8	2	4	2	9	9	8
Union Santa Fe	8	1	5	2	13	13	7
Racing	8	2	3	3	8	9	7
All Boys	8	2	3	3	10	16	7
Platense	9	1	5	3	10	15	7
Argentinos Juniors	8	2	2	4	12	14	6
Gim y Esgrima LP	9	2	2	5	18	24	6
Chacarita Juniors	9	0	4	5	11	18	4
Temperley	9	1	1	7	13	30	3
FC Oeste	9	0	1	8	12	29	1

COLOMBIA: Opening Championship

Section A	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Junior	11	6	4	1	17	8	16
Indep Santa Fe	11	4	7	0	13	6	15
Caldas	12	7	1	4	22	18	15
Quindio	11	6	3	2	15	11	15
Dep.Cali	12	4	4	4	16	15	12
Bucaramanga	11	4	3	4	14	16	11
Nacional	11	3	4	4	11	11	10

Section B	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Medellin	11	3	5	3	11	10	11
America	11	4	3	4	15	15	11
Millonarios	11	3	4	4	14	16	10
Union Magdalena	12	2	6	4	9	11	10
Pereira	11	4	0	7	11	17	8
Tolima	11	2	4	5	15	17	8
Cucuta	10	1	2	7	11	22	4

Classified Results

LIBERTADORES CUP
(South American club championship)
Group 1
March 31
PEÑAROL (Uruguay) (0) 0
DEFENSOR (Uruguay) (0) 2 (Rodolfo Rodriguez, Jauregui)
Peñarol: Mazurkiewicz, Gonzalez, Oliveira (Duarte), Farel, Custodio, Maneiro (De Jesus), Morales, Silva, Pizzani, Morena, Jimenez.
Defensor: Clavijo, Arispe, Jauregui, Salomon, Javier (Gonzalez), Gomez, Ortiz, Graffigna, Rudy Rodriguez, Santelli, Rodolfo Rodriguez.

April 13
RIVER PLATE (Argentina) (1) 2 (Marchetti, Luque)
PEÑAROL (Uruguay) (0) 1 (Unanue)
River Plate: Fillol, Comelles (Esporti), Perfumo, Artico, H. Lopez, J. Lopez (Sabella), Merlo, Marchetti, Gonzalez, Luque, Ortiz.
Peñarol: Rosatti, M. Gonzalez, Oliveira (Morales), Farel, Custodio, Maneiro, Duarte, Silva, Pizzani, Morena, Jimenez (Unanue).

April 14
DEFENSOR (Uruguay) (0) 0
BOCA JUNIORS (Argentina) (0) 0
Defensor: Clavijo, Arispe, Jauregui, Solomon, Javier, Gomez, Perez (Puppo), Graffigna, Rudy Rodriguez, Santelli, Rodolfo Rodriguez.
Boca Juniors: Gatti, Perrin, Sa, Mouzo, Tarantini, Benitez, Suriz, Ribotti, Mastrangelo, Pavon (Oviedo), Zanabria.

Group 2
April 3
NACIONAL (Ecuador) (0) 0
DEPORTIVO CUENCA (Ecuador) (0) 0
CORINTIANS (Brazil) (1) 1 (Ze Maria)
INTERNACIONAL (Brazil) (0) 1 (Vacaria)
Corintians: Jairo, Ze Maria, Moises, Ze Eduardo, Vladimiro, Givanildo, Basilio, Palinha, Vaguinho, Geraldo, Edu.
Internacional: Manga, Claudio, Mariao, Herminio, Vacaria, Cacapava, Batista, Falcao, Valdomiro, Dario, Paulinho.

April 10
DEPORTIVO CUENCA (Ecuador) (0) 0
INTERNACIONAL (Brazil) (1) 2 (Escurinho, Joaozinho)
Cuenca: Aguirre, Barrera, Lizondo, Calcedo, Klinger, Romero, Gatti, Salvatierra, Castañeda (Gramajo), Liciardi, Tapia (Perez). Sent off: Gatti.
Internacional: Manga, Claudio, Marinho, Mariao, Vacaria, Cacapava, Falcao, Jair (Joaozinho), Batista, Escurinho, Pedrinho (Pedro). Sent off: Escurinho, Batista.
NACIONAL (Ecuador) (2) 2 (Correa, Ron)
CORINTIANS (Brazil) (0) 1 (Russo)
Nacional: Delgado, Perdomo, Sweet, Perez, Escalante, Villafuerte (Huayamaba), Vega, Granda, Nieves (Saa), Ron, Correa.
Corintians: Jairo, Ze Maria, Moises, Ze Eduardo, Vladimiro (Russo), Givanildo, Basilio, Geraldo, Vaguinho, Palinha, Edu (Romeu).

April 13
DEPORTIVO CUENCA (Ecuador) (0) 2 (Liciardi, Lizondo)
CORINTIANS (Brazil) (1) 1 (Palinha)
Cuenca: Aguirre, Romero, Lizondo, Calcedo, Klinger, E. Aguirre, Salvatierra, Romero, Castañeda, Liciardi, Gramajo.
Corintians: Jairo, Ze Maria, Moises, Ze Eduardo, Ademir (Russo), Givanildo, Palinha, Basilio, Vaguinho (Romeu), Geraldo, Edu.
NACIONAL (Ecuador) (1) 2 (Ron, Mariao o.g.)
INTERNACIONAL (Brazil) (0) 0

Group 4
April 1
EVERTON (Chile) (0) 0
UNIVERSIDAD DE CHILE (0) 0
LIBERTAD (Paraguay) 2
OLIMPIA (Paraguay) 2

April 5
UNIVERSIDAD DE CHILE (1) 1 (Barrera)
LIBERTAD (Paraguay) (0) 0
Universidad: Carballo, Ashwell, Pellegrini, Quintano, Bigorra (Rodriguez), Arenguiz, Koscina (Socias), Soto, Salah, Barrera, Neuman.
Libertad: Baez, Espinola, Benitez, Tavarelli, Solalinde, Colman, Huaspe (Vera), Maldonado (Fleitas), E. Morel, M. Morel, Lazzarini.

April 9
UNIVERSIDAD DE CHILE (0) 1 (Salah)
OLIMPIA (Paraguay) (0) 0
Universidad: Carballo, Ashwell, Pellegrini, Quintano, Bigorra, Koscina (Peralta), Arenguiz, Soto, Neuman, Barrera (Socias), Salah.
Olimpia: Benitez, Giudice, F. Sosa, Paulin, Perez, Torres, A. Sosa, Aquino, Isasi, Villalba, Barreiro (Talavera).

April 10
EVERTON (Chile) (0) 1 (Ceballos pen.)
LIBERTAD (Paraguay) (1) 3 (Espinola 2, Lazzarini)
Everton: Vallejos, Zuniga, Azocar, Brunet, Nuñez (Lara), Salinas (Martinez), Lopez, Caceres, Spedaletti, Ceballos, Ahumada.
Libertad: Baez, Espinola, Tavarelli, Benitez, Bernal, Huaspe (Maldonado), Vera, E. Morel, Lazzarini, M. Morel, Colman (Dos Santos).

April 14
EVERTON (Chile) (0) 1 (Spedaletti)
OLIMPIA (Paraguay) (0) 0
Everton: Vallejos, Zuniga, Azocar, Sorache, Lara, Acosta, Ahumada, Lopez, Caceres (Gonzalez), Spedaletti, Ceballos.
Olimpia: Benitez, Giudice, F. Sosa, Tioche, Perez, A. Sosa, Torres, Talavera (Barreiro), Isasi, Michelagnoni (Villalba), Aquino.

Group 5
April 6
UNION HUARAL (Peru) (0) 1 (Muñoz)
SPORT BOYS (Peru) (0) 0
ESTUDIANTES (Venezuela) (0) 0
PORTUGUESA (Venezuela) (2) 2 (De Lima, Jairzinho)

MORE NEXT MONTH

● *Continued from page 43*

Overath's contract expires at the end of the season and it's clear that though many clubs would be glad to give him the chance to play on, the man who finally won a long-running duel with Gunter Netzer for that "inside left" role has lost his enchantment with the game.

So, instead of taking the American way out, he takes up a contract with Adidas, to work for them as a marketing agent and, doubtless, use his name and reputation to help further their cause.

I was fortunate enough to see many of Overath's best displays and admire a left foot remarkable for its long range accuracy. But rather than pick out the 1970 World Cup third place match, which he won with a fine all round display and the only goal, it's a club match I remember: Köln against Liverpool in 1965, a play-off in Rotterdam, for a place in the Champions' Cup semi-finals. With Wolfgang Weber injured early on and no substitutes then, Overath had to double in defence and midfield as Köln fought back from 2-0 down to 2-2 and on through extra time.

The toss of a coin ended their run, but Overath's career had just taken off . . .

Just over a year later he was matching his wits and talents with Bobby Moore at Wembley — and Moore too is now calling it a day. The best player in his role in two World Cups — 1966 and 1970 — Moore will hold his record of 108 international caps for a long time now that Franz Beckenbauer has defected to New York Cosmos.

Moore's career spanned exactly 1,000 senior matches — from his league debut with West Ham against Manchester United in 1958, to his last appearance for Fulham at Blackburn in the second division recently.

In all that time Moore the professional has been a dominant character in England's football. A hat-trick of Wembley captaincies — West Ham in the FA Cup in 1964, then in the Cup-winners' Cup in 1965, then with England at the World Cup Final in 1966, established his reputation early.

But his England career had already taken off in the 1962 World Cup in Chile and how ironic that it was when Sir Alf Ramsey decided England could do without Moore, that the dreams of a 1974 World Cup place were ended when Poland claimed that frantic 1-1 draw at Wembley.

Few will forget Moore's 1970 duel with Pele, who is poised now to complete his last season as a player in the North American Soccer League. Pele the incomparable — two World Cup triumphs 12 years apart, a world club cup success and all the honours and riches he could want.

There's a role awaiting him in the Brazilian soccer hierarchy whenever he chooses — though he'd do his reputation a favour by steering clear of any more soccer politics. The US adventure had even his Brazilian admirers wondering if Pele was human after all?

And with Pele, it's time to say goodbye soon too to Eusebio, the "second Pele" as he was once called when he hundered Benfica to that glorious 5-3 Champions' Cup win over Real Madrid in 1962. Top scorer with nine goals in the 1966 World Cup, Eusebio did so well out of soccer there was no longer any need to keep fighting, and his ambitions seemed to die.

As he declined, so did Benfica, and his departure for America was no more than the last fling of a tired player hounded by too much success perhaps too soon. Eusebio's reputation has, for many years, been greater than his achievements, but for all that, he gave us some marvellous memories.

And he, as much as Amancio, Mazzola, Rivera, Riva, Burgnich, Overath, Bobby Moore and Pele deserve our thanks for a 15-year era which, with the benefit of hindsight, wasn't so bad as some pundits would have you believe, was it?

Soccer—the family game

THE family game has been a dominant feature of the British soccer scene for so many years that it is hard to imagine the day when former players will have no relatives in any of the big line-ups.

There have been some great performances both sides of the war by talented fathers, sons, cousins and uncles at different levels, and not only in the leagues but also in the international sphere.

Let's treat ourselves with a pleasant backward glance just a short way. Do you remember the McLeans, O'Donnells, Beatties, Froggatts, Comptons, Edwards, McMichaels, Bakers, Robledoes, Rowleys, Blanchflowers, Richardsons, Herds, Cunninghams, Charles and the Allchurch duo?

There are numerous other names, but it is sad to reflect that many have now departed this planet, though still with us are some of the younger ones of the fighting Astons, Clarkes, Davies, Dochertys, Barnes and the rest.

Now, however, we become involved with a shuffle in connection with one of the most celebrated brotherhoods — the Ashington-born Milburn-Charlton clan which first staked a claim for plaques at the F.A. Headquarters when great-great-grandfather Milburn kept goal for Northumberland in 1888.

Hot seat

One by one, the Milburns — Jack, George, Jimmy, Stan and Wor Jackie — have stepped off the stage. Bobby, of the Charltons, followed that example a short time ago. Now, brother Jack has released himself from the hot seat at Ayresome Park.

As far back as last March, the former England and Leeds "giraffe", who served Don Revie so well, was considering the future, and then a month later began talking about a likely stint on the American circuit, playing for a team of old-timers.

It seems to me that this straight-talking six-footer whose facility for arguing isn't always universally appreciated, had difficulty recovering from a series of disappointing club results which ended all the high hopes that had been raised with an earlier unbeaten stretch of 13 games.

One thing is certain. He didn't write that resignation because of a lost love for the game. That could never happen to this man. Big Jack was merely underlining a firm view that four years is sufficiently long for any manager to stay in one job.

Disappointment

Perhaps disappointment was another reason, because the move back to the north-east had been loaded with special hopes. The first ambition was landed by taking Middlesbrough back into the top circle. But he failed to achieve the second — the prize of Cup or League for a club that has never won either.

Charlton desperately wanted to finish as a winner, but the odds finally mounted, and, annoyingly for a man who needs support, the fans failed him by staying away just when everybody in the old shipyard town should have been there.

The players were of better mettle. They fought even harder after being given the news, and that was at least one factor which greatly cheered the manager who had coached and nursed them through successive seasons.

Now it will be interesting to note how Cha-Cha employs himself this winter after spending some part of the summer with his twin loves of fishin' and shootin', sports that provide adequate time for thought and relaxation.

As a youngster, he sweated for a living "down a great bloody hole" in the town, then applied for a trial at Elland Road, and a trial as a police cadet, and Leeds won. He moved up the ladder when Boro offered him their vacancy.

He was 42 in May, which may be considered a dicey age for any man, but it's my bet that Jack Charlton will be a success boss with an assured financial future long before reaching the dangerous fifties. How's that sound, Bobby?

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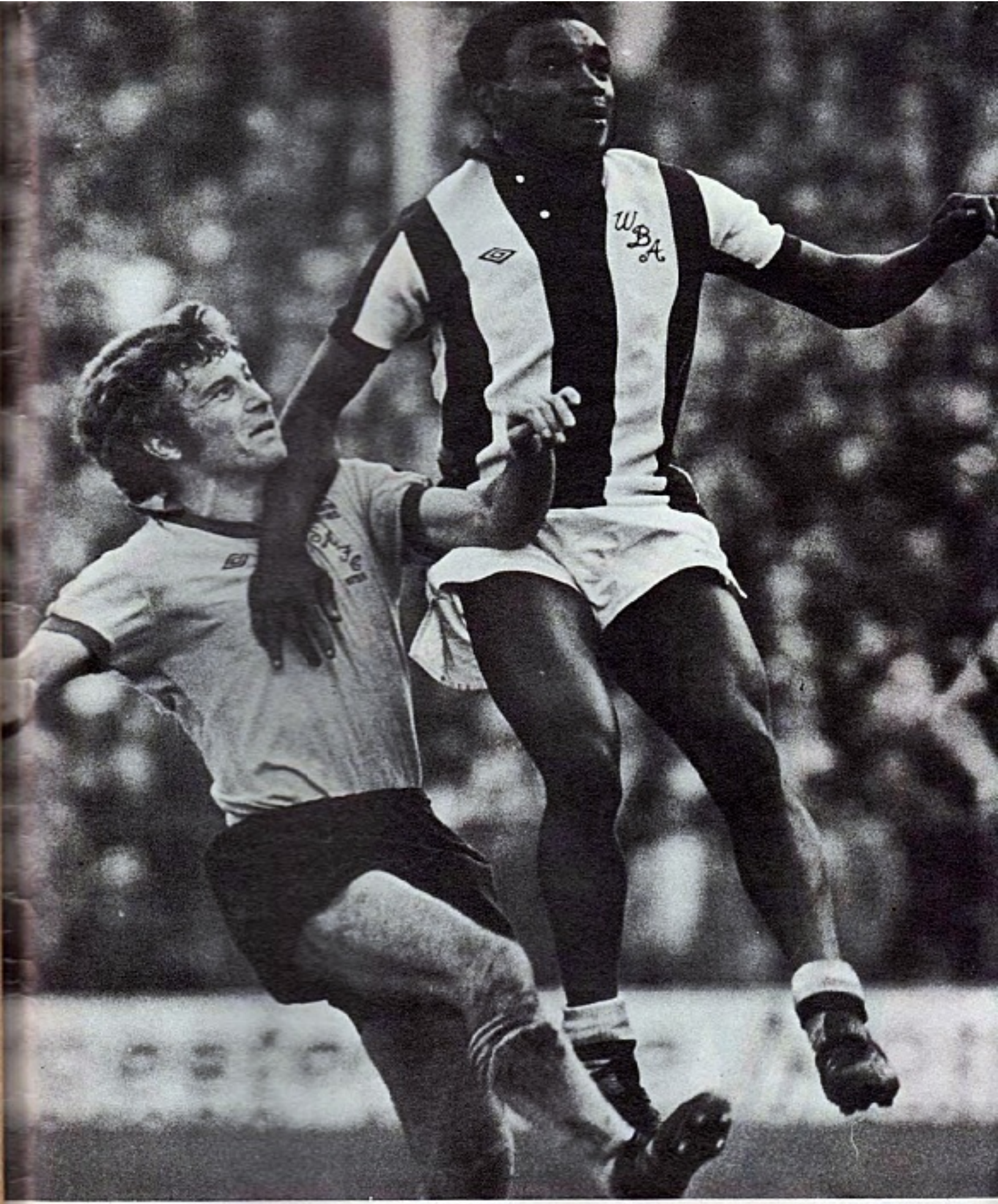
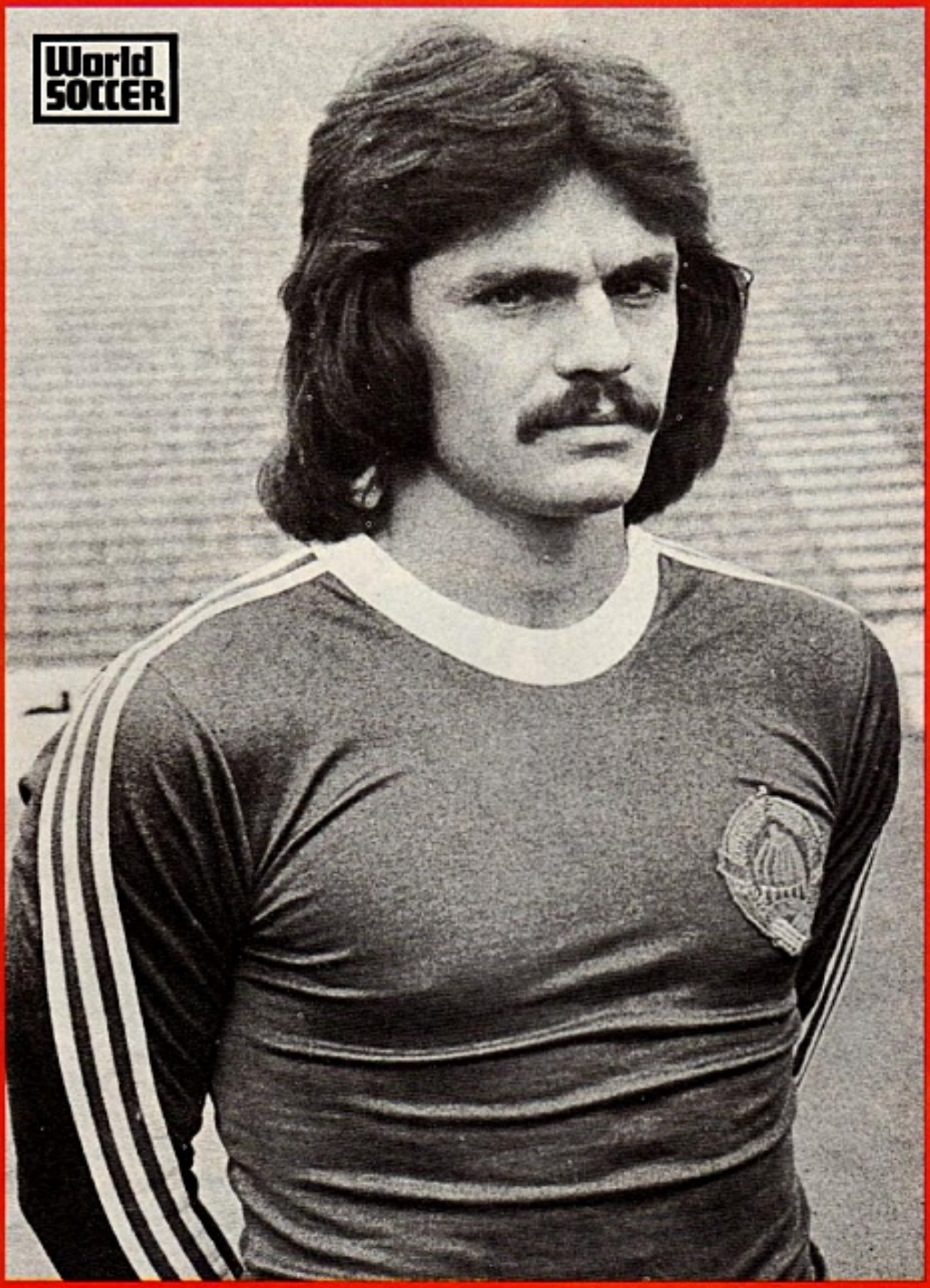


***MIKE DOCHERTY** Sunderland (left) and*
***LAURIE CUNNINGHAM** W.B.A.*

World SOCCER



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